PLAYING SQUARE WITH TOMORROW

FRED EASTMAN

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"HOW SHALL WE RAISE THE MORAL STANDARD OF OUR COLLEGES?" IS THE DOMINANT QUESTION CONSIDERED BY STUDENT LEADERS IN CONFERENCES SUCH AS THIS

PLAYING SQUARE WITH TOMORROW

BY FRED EASTMAN
Author of *Unfinished Business*

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To My Mother and Father

WHO HAVE WALKED THE PATH OF SERVICE TOGETHER FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

To stand with an ambitious young American at the cross-roads of SELF-INTEREST and SERVICE—

To consider both roads—

To point the way to the road of SERVICE—

To set forth in simple everyday language the reasonable faith that is the inspiration and the comfort of the traveler—

To unmask the opposition—

To discover the footsteps of the Great Captain—

To show some of the gigantic tasks that must be completed if America is to fulfil her mission among the nations—

To tell the stories of others who have already chosen the road of SERVICE—

To help to an understanding of the necessity of playing square with tomorrow—

Such is the purpose of this book.

The author is deeply indebted to Dr. Miles B. Fisher, Mrs. John S. Allen and Miss E. Jessie Ogg, the committee in charge of the publication of the book, for reading the manuscript and for constructive criticism. His gratitude is also due to his wife for constant encouragement and unfailing cheerfulness.

F. E.

New York City
April, 1921

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PLAYING SQUARE WITH TOMORROW

CHAPTER ONE

Young America at the Crossroads

Some time ago a young girl who had been having considerable success as a writer was stopping at the house of her uncle, a man of broad culture and learning. In the course of her visit, the young woman spoke much of the Bohemian life she had been living and of how much livelier it was than the old-fashioned home life of her forefathers. She had joined a group of young artists and authors who seemed to be agreed that upon our generation a great light had burst. They were making progress, she said, in overthrowing the traditions of the past. They saw little value in the art or the writing of yesterday.

The uncle listened with what patience he could muster. Then the girl went on to declaim on the merits of certain modern writers who admittedly have great powers of expression, but, in the opinion of the uncle, precious little to express. Finally, he spoke his mind.

"My dear niece," he said, "you don't know anything. You don't read. You don't think."

"Why," exclaimed the girl, "I am one of the best-read young persons I know. I have read

De Maupassant complete. I have read everything that Wells and Galsworthy and Ibañez have written."

"All very good, but I still maintain," said her uncle, "that you don't know anything, that you don't think, and that you don't read. Literature is a great tree deep-rooted in past centuries. The twigs are the products of our own time. Some of them will become permanent branches, others will soon die and fall. You have been studying a few of these twigs, and you think you know the whole tree, but you don't. You must study the roots and the trunk and the branches before you know the tree. What do you know about the writings of the men who have lived before this generation? Here," he said, taking a book from his library, "is one of the roots. It is a story called *Prometheus Bound.* It is the story of a struggle between a god and a man. It shows the measureless power of Jove to inflict torment and torture upon a human being, and it shows the equally measureless power of that human being to stand in the face of the god and resist the torture. There is so much truth in this story that it has come down through more than two thousand years. Have you read it?"

"No," said the girl, "I haven't read it. I'll try to read it some day."

But her uncle was not to be put off. He urged

her to read the book that night and to compare it with the products of some of the other craftsmen whose work she valued.

The girl took the book to her room, and she read it through before she slept. The next morning she met her uncle at the breakfast table. There were tears in her eyes.

"You were right," she said, "it is a great book. I wish it could be read by every young American, especially by every college student who is trying to make up his mind what he is going to do and be."

The trend of things in the colleges. This young writer's experience is not unique. The trend of these days is toward the contemporary, the material, and the superficial. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, in his last annual report, says:

"The ruling passion is not to know and to understand but to get ahead, to overturn something, to apply in ways that bring material advantage some bit of information or some acquired skill. Both school and college have in large part taken their minds off the true business of education, which is to prepare youth to live, and have fixed them upon something which is very subordinate; namely, how to prepare youth to make a living."

Edward S. Martin, an outstanding American essayist, sums it up this way:

"In the colleges and in the world outside the colleges two conceptions of life are struggling in conflict. One is that the aim of life is to acquire and apply understanding. The other is that the aim is to acquire and apply money. One is that the aim of life is the formation of character. The other is that the aim of life is 'success.' The colleges ought to be clearly and conspicuously on the side of character and understanding."

It is the task of the younger generation. Dr. Butler and Mr. Martin are doubtless right. The only question is, Who is going to put the colleges and the world clearly and conspicuously on the side of character and understanding? Who will lead the colleges and the world to a higher and a better state of life? This book is written in the conviction that it is the task of the younger generation. It is written to the young men and women of college age who are now trying to make up their minds what they are going to do and what they are going to be.

The choice is between a life of self-interest and a life of service. It is the same choice that has confronted young men and young women of every new generation. But there never was a time when it was more important that the choice should be right and the decision sure. For altogether too many people in the past have chosen the life of self-interest, and as a result the world was never more in need of young men and young women who

have the courage and the faith to choose the path of service. Consider what self-interest has brought upon us.

The state of the world. A crime wave has been sweeping over America and Europe. Worse yet, there is fearful suffering throughout Central Europe, the Near East, Russia, and China. There are 3,500,000 children starving in Europe. Back of those figures lies a war in which most of the so-called civilized peoples of the world tore at each others' throats for four years, killing 7,781,-806 men and wounding 18,681,257 more. The signing of peace in Paris did not end fighting in Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Poland, Hungary, Armenia, and Persia. Civil war is sweeping over parts of Central and South America, Africa, and the Orient. And Ireland is bursting into flame.

The world's children. While their fathers are warring and their mothers working in factories, what is happening to the children? Many are already dead, others are starving, and millions are being neglected, left to grow up without knowledge of God or of the things in this world that are true and beautiful and good. In practically every country at war juvenile delinquency has increased appallingly. In England during the war, according to Mr. Cecil Leeson, juvenile offenses increased 34 per cent and juvenile lawlessness spread through the country like a plague. This

picture given in the *Russkiia Viedomosti* has its counter-part in the other nations: "Crowds of children from nine to fifteen years of age are found in the streets at midnight in front of the night tea-houses. . . . Boys are soon drawn into the life of these night tea-houses. . . . In many of the lodging houses whisky is sold, and many are filled with prostitutes. . . . The above conveys only an idea of the horrible conditions under which the working children in Moscow have to live at present."

The world stands in need of salvation. It is an old and hackneyed phrase, but there can be no doubt of the need. Salvation from what? From war, from hatred, from the power of those who put the advance of their own nation above the welfare of humanity, who seek the advancement of their own class before the Kingdom of God and its righteousness. We are not so proud of living in the twentieth century as we were a few years ago.

Now the world as it is, with all its suffering and chaos, with all its muddle and distress, seems to be looking to America to save it. Sir Philip Gibbs, the great English war correspondent, after a visit in this country last year, wrote:

"The destiny of the American people is now marked out for the great mission of leading the world to a new phase of civilization. . . . They cannot escape from that power even though they

shrink from its responsibility. By their action they may plunge the world into strife again or settle its peace. They may kill or cure. They may be reconcilers or destroyers. It is a terrific power for any people to hold. If I were a citizen of the United States, I should be afraid—afraid lest my country should by passion or by ignorance take the wrong way."[1]

Sir Philip is certainly right. If America chooses the wrong road—the road of self-interest—she will lead the nations of the world, but it will be to their damnation, through militarism, imperialism, and greed.

The state of America. The followers of the gospel of self-interest have been as busy here as across the water, and, as a result, America also stands in need of being saved. From what? From the bitterness that is reaching white heat in the struggle between capital and labor. At a meeting of landlords in New York a few months ago, a proposal that they limit their profits to 20 per cent was howled down. "We want all we can get!" cried one landlord who seemed to voice the sentiment of the crowd. And a labor leader addressing his organization exhorted them to "fix in their minds the beautiful thought of more."

We need to be saved from all such selfishness, from the suspicion and hatred between classes that is forcing men apart instead of bringing them

[1] *People of Destiny.* By Philip Gibbs. Harper and Brothers.

together. We need to be saved from becoming a great conglomeration of warring races and parties. We need to be saved from the politicians who prate about our "splendid isolation" and who try to persuade us to play the part of the Pharisee among the stricken peoples of the earth.

The state of morality. But of all the issues that have arisen in this country during the past few years there has been none more vital to the future of the human beings who live in this nation than the moral relationships among young people. By moral relationships is meant primarily relationships between the sexes. These relationships are important not only to the young people themselves,—and their happiness and usefulness may be irretrievably affected,—but to this nation and to the world. There is a consensus of opinion among those who are closest to the facts that there is at present a sag in social morality that is alarming. Here are a few indications of it gathered in one roundabout trip from New York to Missouri last summer. Leaving New York I bought a leading New York newspaper. On the front page President Hibben's baccalaureate sermon at Princeton was featured. Now baccalaureate sermons are honorable affairs but they are seldom considered news, yet the papers and magazines have quoted and commented upon this particular sermon at length:

"We are weakly allowing ourselves to be ruled by the Goddess of Folly, slaves in her domain to the fashion of the hour. The modern dress, the modern dance, the modern music, and modern manners are symptoms that indicate that somehow in this age we have lost our bearings, and that old values of life, once so highly prized, have been forgotten.

"There is the danger of a lessening if not a loss of the old-time reverence for womanhood. There is no longer an aura of mystery about the young woman today, a mystery at once her defense and her glory, and whenever in the history of the race this divine prerogative of womanhood is lightly regarded or recklessly scorned, it has always proved a symptom of decadence far-reaching and disastrous. Every age of moral and spiritual progress in the history of any people has always been an age of chivalry, in which womanhood has not only been respected but revered."

Having read this sermon on the train, I stopped at a city in the Middle West. On the first page of one of its local newspapers was a letter from a mother urging upon other mothers of high school students the following:

1. An epidemic of puppy love seems to be imminent among students.
2. Ordinarily such an epidemic would not be regarded as more than a passing affair.
3. But this year, owing to the lack of restraint and the breaking down of conventions that usually safeguard the reverence for personality, serious

consequences to the future integrity and happiness of the young people might be forthcoming.

4. Therefore, would not the mothers do well to get together and agree upon certain protections to supply the missing safeguards to morality?

I proceeded on my journey to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, interested to find out what eight hundred college students gathered there might be thinking. Some new form of socialism? League of nations? Olympic games? Baseball series, or what? To my surprise, I found them thinking primarily of the moral conditions in their colleges. As Y. M. C. A. men, under the inspiring leadership of "Dad" Elliott, they were working up plans and courage to go back into their colleges in the fall and start cleaning things up. What is it that is to be cleaned up? Their frank stories, told in calm public discussion, of college dances from which beauty and poetry and grace had departed and in which indecency stalked the floor, would have been unbelievable had the witnesses been less credible.

I left Lake Geneva for the midsummer heat of Missouri. On the way I bought a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The leading article was given to a discussion of the same theme, this time by Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould. The *Atlantic* is not exactly a sensational magazine, and Mrs. Gerould is not a muck-raker, and when this maga-

zine gives chief prominence to such a subject, it may be taken for granted that the subject is vital.

Mrs. Gerould writes of the causes:

"'It is the war, I believe,' said one mother, the other evening. 'It is the mothers,' say other women who keep a proper tab on their own girls. 'It is the motor-car,' says a man who does not give his débutante daughter a car of her own. 'It is the girls: they want you to make love to them,' say the boys. 'It is the men: they won't dance with you if you wear a corset,' say the girls.

"But it is really—is it not?—more than this. It is everything. That is why it seems to me that Mr. Grundy's final optimism is perhaps unjustified. Give the motor-car its due share of responsibility. Give the movie more blame, please, than it has hitherto received. Give the war some—but not too much; for all this antedates the war. Give the radical intellectuals a little for their tendency to howl down everything that has ever, anywhere been of good repute. Give a lot of it to the luxury of the *nouveaux riches:* a luxury which inevitably, at first, finds expression in pampering the body. And give all you can heap up to the general abandonment of religion.

"For the abandonment of religion is probably most responsible of all, since it bears a causal relation to most of these other facts.

"Many of my friends are not religious at all, although they are moral. But they were nearly all brought up in strict religious forms; and while their brains have discarded dogma, their characters have none the less been moulded

by a fairly firm Christian ethic. Whether they will be able to pass that ethic on to their children, without the dogma, remains most interestingly to be seen. At present, what they cling to most, I find, is the recognized social code—which itself, was built up largely by the Christian ethic. But social conditions in a modern democracy change so rapidly that a code with no eternal sanction is a weak reed to lean upon. We are enduring more and more in America, the influence of people who have broken deliberately or violently with any religious law; and you cannot knock away the props and still keep the structure. You cannot make the Ten Commandments potent by mere dwelling on their inherent felicity. If there is no divine command back of them, they lose all power over the man who finds it more satisfactory to break them. The modesty and manly chivalry which Mr. Grundy sees recovering from their collapse have nothing at present to recover with. Religion was the blood in their veins. You may faint from acute indigestion; but of pernicious anaemia you die."

The young people answer. Mrs. Gerould was promptly answered by representatives of the young people, who defended their actions; they contended they were only the expressions of frankness and as such were better than the surreptitious actions of their progenitors. Moreover, argued the young protagonists, what right had their elders to preach, since they were bequeathing to their children a world in such a horrible mess, not to mention a debt of many billions of dollars which the

children would have to pay. The elders had failed so utterly to make human life either happy or peaceful, should not the young people now have their chance without any interference from the generation that had failed? Did the religion about which the elders seem to be so anxious prevent the great world catastrophe? If that religion really had any power, why did it permit these millions of young men's graves, these destroyed homes, these widows and orphans, this seething flood of hate which has engulfed us?

The answer does not go deep enough. There is no denying that the generation that allowed the world to get into its present muddle is embarrassed in preaching to the generation now about to try its hands at the world's levers. But the claim of the young people that the present state of morality is only an indication of increasing frankness needs examination.

Frankness is a superficial merit. It is not difficult of attainment for a sincere soul, either good or bad. It may be as well exhibited in virtue as in vice. Frankness is reason for no moral lapse; it only makes the causes quickly apparent. But virtue is not easy to obtain. It never is attained along the path of least resistance. Self-indulgence, on the other hand, and yielding to the lusts of the flesh, are not only easy but temptingly easy. And so long as the progress of the human race depends

upon the development of character, and character is attained by struggle to choose and follow the upward path where the path of least resistance tempts downward, self-indulgent frankness extenuates nothing.

As for the surreptitious sins of the elders, there is no defending them; but it would be well to remember that those sins were by no means as universal as the charge would indicate—else there would have been no reason for secrecy. And at least the guilty ones had the grace to be ashamed of their weakness.

And, after all, did we arrive at the present state of affairs because of some inherent weakness in our religion and in the moral principles that govern our social relationships, or on the other hand because we abandoned that religion and those principles? Did Christianity fail, or did we fail to be Christians?

The answer is not altogether a matter of opinion. Recent surveys tell a story of Christian neglect and lost opportunities that is hard to hear. Parts of that story will be told later in this book, but here it is sufficient to mention such facts as these: There are fifty million people in this country alone, above the age of nine years, who are not members of any church—Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. There are twenty-seven million Protestant children and young people under twenty-

five years of age, who are not enrolled in any Sunday-school or other religious institution for training in spiritual matters. The average Protestant child who is enrolled in Sunday-school receives less than twenty-six hours a year of religious instruction, and even that is often under teachers whose attendance is perfunctory and whose training is wholly inadequate.

The ministry of the Protestant Church has been increasingly inadequate for more than a generation. The ranks of our spiritual leadership have been constantly depleted because we have not taken the pains to work out some plan by which the ministry could have a living wage. Is it any wonder that after such failure in religious education, when the searching test came we were found wanting? The great wonder is that after such neglect we still had enough Christianity as a nation to keep our conduct of the war clean, and to fight it out to victory on a higher moral plane than any other war has seen in human history. And if there can be a greater wonder than that, it is that we are not worse off now than we actually are. The religion we have, in spite of all our failures to live up to its highest ideals, may be thanked for keeping us from going back to barbarism.

What, then, is the underlying cause of the moral sag? When we go deep enough in the anaylsis of any social relationship we strike re-

ligious roots. Our morality and all our dealings with our fellow-men are influenced ultimately by one of two possible conceptions: God or no God. Multitudes have lost God. They have lost the sense that there is a destiny that shapes our ends. They have lost the sense of fellowship with a divine Father who rules wisely and well. Some have lost him in the rush of daily work; others have allowed their own selfishness to blind their eyes to the great spiritual forces and truths of life. There is no body of men or women or young people anywhere more in need of sympathy than these who have lost God. They may not realize their pathetic condition. Like Mr. Britling before the war, they may boast that they have domesticated God. Or they may laugh at the idea of God as a grotesque fairy-tale. But their boasting is vain and their laughter is empty. Face to face with the deeper experiences of life, with marriage, with birth, with death, with war, they are helpless.

There are certain practical results that follow in the lives of those who have lost God—if they are consistent. If there is no such thing as the Fatherhood of God, then the brotherhood of man is a mere sentimentality. If the world is not governed by a Supreme Intelligence who is wise and merciful; if, instead, it is governed by a blind mechanical force that works by chance instead of by law, then this business of religion

and faith and brotherhood is all nonsense. Life, then, is a matter of hammer and anvil, and we want to be the hammer. Might then makes right. We want our place in the sun. If any little Belgium stands in the way, let her be crushed and kicked out of the way. We are not our brothers' keepers. We will live without consideration for others. As for morality, whatever we want to do and can successfully carry through, we have a right to do without asking favor of God or man. For our fathers' Saturday night family altar and Sunday morning church, we will substitute Saturday night poker and Sunday morning grouch. For their Bible reading and hymn singing, we will substitute Ibañez and jazz. For their walks and talks with God, we will substitute our own cheek-to-cheek dances. And we will boast of the progress we have made since our fathers and mothers were young.

That, of course, is the extreme case of those who, consciously or unconsciously, go upon the supposition that there is no God. Only a few go to that extreme; but many live somewhere along the way, and it is this living somewhere along the way that is ultimately responsible for the gospel of self-interest and for the present sag in morality. No other explanation so adequately accounts for the facts, and no other is so true to human experience.

What may this moral sag do to you? So much for the general condition and its cause. Now the question is: What may this moral sag do to you who are now facing the choice between a life of self-interest and a life of service? You cannot escape its effects so long as you live in human society. You may keep yourself unspotted, but you may not keep yourself unhurt. Sin is a social thing. It reaches out and stabs those who are near and dear to us. Your brother, your sister, your friend may say, "I am going to live my own life," but no one lives his own life. It cannot be done. We are all members one of another. If your brother or your friend follows the path of least resistance and allows his moral relationships with others to be governed by self-interest and self-indulgence, sooner or later he will do the same with you. Even if he continues his respect for you, will it be a pleasant thing for you to watch day by day the death of his finer sensibilities and the passing of beauty from his life? And your sister or your sweetheart—will you be unaffected when she reaches the end of the road she is traveling so light-heartedly and finds that at the end of the road is just a moral dump-heap? Will it be nothing to you to see her sitting in the ashes of virtue and love and beauty?

But it is quite possible that you may not keep yourself unspotted. The temptation to go with

the crowd is more than many of us can bear. If the crowd sanctions a sin, we begin by abhorring it, then we endure it, and finally, we embrace it. This is the traditional way—the primrose path. Follow it, and it will be you who will land on the moral dump-heap, and your family and your friends who will suffer. It will be your talents dissipated and your possibilities for usefulness embezzled.

What will it do to America? Suppose the moral sag and the philosophy of godlessness that underlies it should have its way with the young people of America. What will be the effect upon our national life, our business, our art, our music, our whole progress. Our national ideals of brotherhood, civil and religious freedom, and asylum for the oppressed of all nations would eventually be discarded, for they all rest upon the faith in God that dominated the founders of this republic. We, assuming that we were consistent, would gradually supplant those ideals with ideals of power and expansion, of wealth and dominion. Business could not escape the effects of godlessness. For what heart or enthusiasm could a business man put into his work when the sanctity of his home and the virtue of his children had departed? Music and art would glorify the material and the sensual rather than the spiritual, for you cannot glorify the spiritual without in the end

becoming spiritual, and then you would be not far from God who is himself spirit.

What may you do to it? But there is a more important question before us. It is, What may you do to this moral sag? For with your light and training there goes a corresponding amount of responsibility. To show what you may do is the purpose of this book.

The choice before you is a life of self-interest or a life of service. Just as self-interest is rooted in a conscious or unconscious faith that there is no God, so a life of service is rooted in the faith that there is a God. This is not the place to write a compendium of theology, or even to try to set down all the essentials of the Christian faith about God. But if we are rightly to understand what a life of service really means, and wherefrom it draws its inspiration, we must know something of the faith on which it rests. So let us consider a very few of the fundamentals.

The faith basis for a life of service. "In the beginning God." That is the foundation of our religion. Faith in God has been the guiding principle in the great forward movements in human history from the migration of Abraham and the exodus of the Israelites to the venture of the Pilgrim Fathers and our own day. The outstanding leaders of every generation have been men and women whose lives were rooted in God. Socrates,

Moses, David, Isaiah, Savonarola, Luther, Washington, Gladstone, Lincoln—it was in him that they lived and moved and had their being. Face to face with the greatest struggles of their own generation, they found God their strength and met persecution and death itself with confident courage.

God is here. If you have thought of God only as a majestic being, sitting away off in space, on a great white throne, looking at this world as you look at an ant hill, and occasionally reaching down to break through the laws of nature to work a miracle—you have one of the greatest experiences in life in store for you. It is to discover that God is in you, in the human beings around you, and in all nature. He is in the song of the birds, the glory of the flowers, the heart of every man. The laws of nature are simply his kindly every-day ways of dealing with us. It is the God in you calling to the God in the other man that makes friendship. God in the other man reaching out with understanding to heal your bruised heart—that is sympathy. It is the indwelling God that makes beauty in art, truth in poetry, and goodness in man.

Surely Jesus was proclaiming the indwelling God when he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," "Abide in me and I in you," and, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." It

was of the indwelling God that Mrs. Browning wrote:[1]

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

It was in the joyful conviction of the presence of God here and now that Tennyson said to you and to me:[2]

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

A living, indwelling God—hold on to him. He was your forefathers' help in ages past; he will be your hope in years to come. This is his world, not yours, his forces are stronger than the forces of evil. Put your trust in him.

"The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."[3]

[1] *Aurora Leigh.* Book VII.
[2] *The Higher Pantheism.*
[3] Isaiah 40: 28-31.

Jesus and the Kingdom of God. Next to a vital faith in an indwelling God, the most important thing for you to have today as a foundation for a life of service is an understanding of Jesus and the Kingdom of God, and the part redemptive love and leadership have played in the drama of human progress. Christians throughout the world have come to celebrate as the greatest days in their calendar, Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter. Each one of these days commemorates a great act in the human drama—an act not historical only, but one which takes place in the experience of every Christian. And each one stands for a conviction.

What does Christmas celebrate? The birth of one little child in a stable. That child never held a scepter in his hand. No crown ever rested on his head except a crown of thorns. No army ever followed him to victory. No nation ever proclaimed him its founder or its leader. He never cried for a place in the sun. His life was lived in poverty in a small province. He never traveled more than one hundred and fifty miles from the place of his birth. Yet nineteen centuries after his death the majority of the nations of the civilized world agree that this child was more important to them than the foundations of their governments, the struggles of their pioneers, or the

[1] *Isaiah* 40: 28-31.

victories of their armies. They join hands across the sea in giving him honor. More than a billion people on Christmas day fling to the winds their differences and rejoice together in the spirit of this child. And a billion people with one accord celebrate the day in the same way—by giving each other gifts.

Why? Why do the majority of the nations count this child so important? Why do they celebrate his birth with gifts? It is because they believe that he gave to the human race more than any other man ever gave. What did he give? What is the great present that he brought in those empty hands of his? He brought HOPE—the hope of a new world. As he taught men, they began to see rising out of the ashes of tyranny a new government, a government that would protect and develop, a great cooperative commonwealth that has been the dream of all the founders of nations since that day. In the place of a degenerate emperor they saw a new leader, a mighty counselor, a prince of peace. Nation would no longer lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more. And out of the ruins of their old temples they began to see that God would raise up a newer, holier temple. The time had come when men must know that "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth." They must become connected with God.

Out of the loins of this race of men they began to hope for a new race—stronger, nobler, and more God-like. This was the hope he brought. He called it the Kingdom of God. This is the hope that still shapes the world. For that government, that religion, and that race of men, we are still striving.

And what does Good Friday celebrate? Good Friday celebrates the sacrifice Jesus had to make of his life. Picture the scene. The man who brought this hope to the human race is hanging on a cross. Over his head is the sneering sign, "This is Jesus, King of the Jews." On either side hangs a thief. Around his feet sit the soldiers casting lots for his garments. About him on that barren hill called "the place of the skull," he looks down into the upturned faces of the thousands who less than a week before were calling him "king" and "son of God." The world has scorned the hope which this man has brought. Men have laughed at his dreams and ridiculed his faith. But he has clung to his hope in spite of their laughter and their crucifixion. And his last words are, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Darkness falls upon the scene. The people drift away. The Roman soldiers go back to the town. Jesus is left alone on the cross, a crown of thorns on his head, a spear thrust in his

side—alone but for Mary, his mother, who stands at the foot of the cross looking up at her crucified son.

And Easter, what does Easter celebrate? Easter celebrates the conviction of the Christian world that this man was the conqueror of death. The man you saw on a cross on Friday meets you Easter morning and says, "All hail!" They couldn't kill him or his hope by nailing him on a cross. You can't kill any man's soul by nailing him on a cross. This man started out with the hope of making a new world. When he died, he had drawn just twelve men with that hope, and one of them had betrayed him. Defeated? Wait! The eleven men come back. They begin to follow this man and his hope. They yield themselves utterly to the indwelling God. They work and preach with passionate zeal. They give up their lives as he did. But today they too meet us and cry, "All hail!" After them, unknown thousands have been following that same Leader and shaping this world after his hope. Call the roll. Augustine! Francis of Assisi! Thomas à Kempis! Savonarola! Martin Luther! John Wesley! George Whitefield! Charles Spurgeon! Joseph Parker! Henry Ward Beecher! Phillips Brooks! Abraham Lincoln! These all died in the faith, not having received the promises but

having seen them and greeted them from afar. And these men all meet us Easter morning and cry, "All hail!"

Easter stands for a fact! The fact is that FAITH is more vital than doubt, that HOPE is more lasting than fear, that LOVE is stronger than death!

"Speak, History! who are Life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—
Who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at
Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or
Socrates? Pilate or Christ?" [1]

You will need more than your own brains. If you are going to choose a life of service in your college, school, or community, you will need more than your own brains and cleverness. You will need the strength of the indwelling God. You will need the leadership of Jesus.

[1] *Io Victus.* W. W. Story.

CHAPTER TWO

The Way of the Crowd

Suppose you choose the path of service: what then? Are you hailed as a hero or heroine? You are not. Is the path a path of roses? It is not. Can you always be sure which way it leads and what is the service to be rendered? You can not. Will you be regarded as an interferer in other people's business? Perhaps. Will they misunderstand your motives? Possibly. Will you have to make sacrifice? Probably. Will you have much opposition? The greater the service, the greater the opposition to be overcome. Will you at least have the gratitude of those you are trying to serve? In some cases, yes; in others, no. Will you have to bear much pain? It is quite possible. Will you have to walk alone? Much of the way.

It has always been so. When Jesus sent out seventy disciples to render a great service to the people, he said, "Behold I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves." Those seventy men had no motive but the highest motive of human service. They carried no weapons, no purses, nothing but their great passion for serving human souls. Yet sometimes whole cities put the ban of outlawry

upon them and refused to allow them even to enter. Sometimes they were cast into prison. They met pointing fingers and sneering faces and cold disdain. Sometimes they were near death with their sufferings.

The writer of Hebrews, in that sublime chapter recording the victories of faith, says: "And others had trial of mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword. They went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, ill-treated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts, and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth." [1]

The next time you go through a park or a museum where the statues or the paintings of those who have rendered great service to humanity are honored, think back to the days when those men and women were alive and rendering their service. Most of them bore their crosses with bleeding feet. Only a few months ago Joan of Arc was sainted by the Catholic church and millions of devout Catholics gave homage to her. But her life was full of persecution and struggle, and the Church was one of her persecutors. So it has always been. Not a newspaper in the country today but reverences the memories of Lincoln and

[1] *Hebrews* 11: 36-38.

Roosevelt. But what ignominy half of these newspapers heaped upon the living heads and hearts of those great servants of humanity!

Why should it be so? Partly, of course, because of honest misunderstanding and difference of opinion. And yet more because the path of service so often cuts squarely across the path of self-interest. You cannot bring freedom to slaves without running up against the interests of the slave-owners. You cannot abolish the drink evil without first doing battle with the men who make money by the manufacture and sale of drink. You cannot even clean up the moral conditions of your college without interfering with someone's profit or someone's pleasure. But the greatest reason for the struggle of the prophet and the pioneer and the reformer is the dead weight of traditionalism and conservatism of the crowd.

"But they said—" Hardly a day goes by but that you hear on the campus and on the street this phrase, "But they said." It is a phrase found many times in the Bible, many times in history, many times in daily life. There is scarcely a complete record of any great speech or act or life, but the next paragraph of the narrative begins with these three words, "But they said." Simple words they are, yet they tell a story and paint a picture. They tell a story of criticism, of opposition, of resistance. They paint a picture of a

crowd against a man, a picture of a struggle. Who are "they"? What are "they" saying? And what is the struggle about? "They" go by different names in different places, but "they" always say about the same thing, and the struggle is always the same struggle. It is the age-long struggle of the individual against that pressure that tries to make him think and believe and act like everybody else, that tries to make him conform to a type; the struggle of common sense against fashion, of progress against tradition and custom, of the human mind against those who would shackle it; the struggle of the conscience for freedom; the struggle of the prophet who comes to his own, to find that he must fight against his own. Let us look at some of the places where the text is found, where this struggle has taken place. Let us find who "they" are and what "they" have said and what "they" have done.

Jesus and the crowd. Take the story of Jesus. In the story of his life there is scarcely a record of a single deed of mercy done or a single great teaching uttered but the next verse begins with some phrase such as "But they said—." "They," in Jesus' time, were the Scribes and the Pharisees, and they were always present. Did Jesus heal a lame man and look up with his face aglow with the light of service, there, around him, were the Scribes and Pharisees pointing their fingers at

him, saying, "Teacher, you did that on the Sabbath, and it is not lawful to heal on the Sabbath." Or did he heal a man, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," the Scribes and the Pharisees were there with hands uplifted in holy horror protesting at such blasphemy. Did Jesus take dinner with a friendless publican, the Scribes and Pharisees were at the door of the house piously shaking their heads and murmuring against him. Did he teach the multitudes with authority, did he extend a brother's hand to the sinner and the outcast, the Scribes and the Pharisees were there with their carping criticisms.

Always he was surrounded by that circle of pointing fingers and sneering faces. They blocked his path at every step; he could not get away from them. At work or at rest they gave him no peace. Even when he sought the Garden at night to pray, they were rattling the gates trying to get at him. Finally, when they saw that his teaching was menacing their position, they formed a plot against him. "They took counsel together that they might kill him." They went about among the crowds to which he was preaching and planted their poison leaven in the hearts of the ignorant. They brought about his crucifixion. They hounded him to death. Then they stood at the foot of the cross and looked up and cried, "Now, if you are our Master save yourself."

Jesus' attitude toward them was the attitude of a man toward his greatest foe. We hear a great deal about Jesus' patience; but Jesus had no patience with them. We hear a great deal about his gentle, loving words; but he had no gentle, loving words for the Scribes and Pharisees. The strongest language to be found in the Bible is that in which he condemns them: "Fools," "Hypocrites," "Sons of Hell." Is there anything gentle or loving about those names?

"They" in history. "But," you say, "the Scribes and the Pharisees didn't last long." Not under that name, no. But the type for which they stood has been in existence since the world began, and it is likely to last as long as the world lasts. It does not matter about their name; they are not confined to any creed or any people or any place. They are as wide-spread as the human race, and their best name is just THEY. How else can they be denoted—that critical, conservative, conventional crowd that blindly follows its leaders, that accepts without question whatever traditions, customs, and superstitions are handed down? THEY are those who build their houses on that part of the path of Progress on which they were born, never get beyond it, and strive to keep others from getting beyond it. Their faces are always set toward the past, and their god is the god of Yesterday. Wherever you have a man

standing out against a crowd for what he thinks is right or what he thinks is true, and the crowd is trying to hush his voice by ridicule or violence, there you have THEY—no matter what other name you call them. THEY have been the murderers of the prophets and the foes of the pioneers of all the ages. Every page of history, secular and Christian, is red with the blood that THEY have drawn.

Think of Stephen, the man who had the courage to stand up and tell the Jews that the man whom they had put to death was his Lord and Master and theirs too. Around him stand THEY, and they stop their ears and tear their hair and they take this Stephen from the court-room out beyond the city wall, and there they stone him to death.

Think of another court-room scene. A little man on fire with a great idea has just finished a wonderful speech before the king and his court. On trial for his life, he has pleaded not for his life, but for the cause for which he stood. But they say, "Paul, Paul, you are mad, mad!" and they mock him.

Pass over several centuries. We are in another court-room. A man is being tried as a criminal. Who is it? Martin Luther. What has he done? He has done some original thinking in theology. THEY cannot tolerate anything like that. If there is one thing more than another that the

crowd will not tolerate, it is the original thing, whether it be an original thought or theory or an original dress or hat. Original things must fight to survive.

But come out of the court-room into the church. Here is a man sitting at a table signing a paper. Over him stands the pope, and around him stand THEY watching him sign it. Who is this? This is Galileo: he has the sinful audacity to declare that the earth actually moves, and THEY are making him sign a paper saying it does not move—and they can quote a Scripture to prove it. He has to sign the paper or be excommunicated, but all the time he is whispering under his breath, "But it does move just the same."

It is not simply in religious matters and church affairs that this struggle is fought. It is in every sphere of human activity. Here is a man in prison, sitting in chains. Who is he, and what has he done? His name is Columbus, and he is here because THEY put him here, and THEY put him here because he insists that he has found the East by sailing West, which, of course, is a self-evident piece of lunacy, and he is a dangerous man.

Here is a certain old poet with a manuscript under his arm. He takes it to the publishers, and THEY read it. Then they ask him why he doesn't write like other people. They cannot give him

more than five pounds for this. So John Milton sells *Paradise Lost* for five pounds.

And here is another literary man. He is cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's back stoop. He is waiting for a job—any kind of job that will keep body and soul together. Who is he? Samuel Johnson. Yes, he has already written some of the works that you study as classics, but THEY don't like them. They are not the kind of works that other people have written.

And here stand THEY sneering and scoffing at Robert Stephenson and his steam horse. They walk all around it, and they laugh in that knowing way they have, and they ask, "But what will your steam horse do when there is a cow on the track?" And they cannot see the humor in the reply, "It wad be verra awkward for the coo."

So the long list of crimes runs on. THEY burned to death Ridley and Latimer and Huss and Savonarola; THEY deserted Hendrick Hudson in a little rowboat on the ocean's swell—left him alone with his "crazy ideas." THEY laughed at Marconi's dream of a wireless telegraph, and THEY ridiculed as preposterous the Wright brothers' "flyin' do-funnies." THEY cracked jokes about Beethoven and Wagner!

Following the crowd. "Well, well," you say, "THEY are gone now, and we are rid of them; we live in an age of freedom." But do we? Are

you sure about that? Are you quite sure that THEY are not still influencing us, that we are not following the crowd? Are you quite sure that we are standing up for our own convictions and our own thoughts and our own consciences without caring what the crowd may think? How many of us before doing a single act have ceased to ask, "What will THEY say?" Are you quite sure that that pressure which tries to make us all alike is gone? Are you quite sure that it is an easy thing nowadays to have a mind of one's own? Are you quite sure that the path of Progress has become an easy path?

Ask any statesman who has tried to keep public sentiment on a high moral plane since the war. Ask "Pussyfoot" Johnson, the prohibition crusader who lost an eye in a riot which his campaign in England started. Ask any teacher, any minister, any missionary who has tried to lead men's spirits upward along the path of duty. Ask any social worker who has tried to bring social justice a little nearer reality. Ask the Chinese mother, whose son, convicted of plotting against the government was sentenced to death. Just before he was to be executed, the mother wrote this letter:

"A man came to us secretly last night and offered to effect my son's escape for fifty thousand *taels*. He said that arrangements could be made to get him out of the country—and we have re-

fused! We told him we could give no answer until the morning, and I walked the floor the long night through, trying to find the pathway just.

"We cannot do it. China is at the parting of the ways; and if we, her first officials, who are taking the stand upon the side of justice and new ideas of honor, do not remain firm in hours of great temptation, what lesson have we to give to them who follow where we lead? It must not be said that our first acts were those of bribery and corruption. If my son is a traitor, we let him pay. He must give his life upon the altar of new China. We cannot buy his life. We are of the house of Liu, and our name must stand so that, through the years to come, it will inspire those who follow us to live and die for China, the country that we love."

Yes, the old struggle is still going on. THEY are still here, making things hard for those who choose the path of service. The thing that really matters most, however, is that *we are often found on the wrong side of the struggle,* that we often seem to care more for what THEY say than what our own consciences dictate. And we find ourselves doing things we know we ought not to do, because other persons are doing them.

Conscience and the crowd. A railroad president was on trial for giving freight rebates. When asked why his road had done it, his answer was, "The rest of the roads did."

Not far from New York is a camp for New York

City boys. Near that camp is an apple orchard, and the boys are forbidden to go into the orchard until the apples are ripe. Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the boys sometimes sneak into it, and when they are caught and asked why they have disobeyed the rules, the invariable answer is, "The other fellows did."

It disgusts one to go into some of the dance halls in the city and see the girls in immodest and often indecent dances with the men. Ask one of them why she does it, and the answer will most likely be, "The rest of the girls do, and I can't have a good time unless I do." And you, very likely, have given the same answer when you have been called to account for some act that seems to your parents immodest or lacking in reverence for womanhood.

Ask the drunkard why he took his first drink. If he can remember so far back, he will tell you that it wasn't because he wanted it, or because he thought it would do him any good. He took it because THEY wanted him to. THEY had to put their arms about him; THEY almost had to force it down his throat. Yes, we do things we ought not to because THEY do.

And we are afraid to do the things we ought to do, from fear of them. "Oh! what will THEY say!" we exclaim. And the fear of what THEY might say is often sufficient to drown the voice of

duty and make us ashamed of our noblest impulses.

THEY make cowards of us. We should like to patch up that quarrel with the old friend, but we are afraid THEY will say we are weakening.

We should like to tell So-and-So in the spirit of friendship that we think he is making a fool of himself, that he isn't living up to the best there is in him, that he is going to wake up some day and find himself on the moral dump-heap, but we are afraid THEY will say we are intruding.

We should like to give a helping hand to a stranger, but we are afraid THEY will say we are forward.

We should like to discontinue some of the ways we have fallen into, but we are afraid *somebody* will say *something*—call us "goody-goody" or say we are getting converted,—and of course we could never stand that.

We should like to join the church, but we are afraid that those who know our sins will say, "Just look at that young hypocrite!"

We should like to stand out in our schools and colleges and young people's gatherings everywhere for standards that are high and clean,—but what will THEY say!

We too should like to stand up for our convictions, just as Stephen and Luther and Savonarola stood up for theirs, but we are afraid, not of tor-

ture or fire or anything physical, but of what THEY will say.

Summed up in a single sentence, this is the situation: The age-long struggle between service and self-interest, between the individual and the institution, between progress and custom, between the prophet and his people, between conscience and the crowd, is not yet over. We are still doing what "the rest of them do," and we are afraid to do what we know we ought to do for fear of what THEY will say. Over against this fact set the fundamental fact of the Christian faith:

God is stronger than They. The "power outside of ourselves that works for righteousness" is not working in vain. God is marching on. His purpose shall be realized. His children shall be cared for.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own." [1]

"Keeping watch above his own." "His own" is a mighty army made up of the prophets and the martyrs, the sages and the seers, the numberless courageous and determined souls of all the ages. Strong men are wanted in that army. No

[1] *The Present Crisis*, James Russell Lowell.

cowards need apply. It is a brave army, and it has a big work to do. It needs young men and women who care not what THEY say, who are ready to endure persecution, who are able to say,

"What matter though I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruits of tears!"

The path of service is a rugged path, but those who climb it are assured of ultimate victory. Dr. James G. K. McClure tells the story of Arthur Cumnock and his fight at Harvard. He entered Harvard College when the moral standard among many of the students was low. Ideals were in the shadow. Character was a romantic thing for the sentimental only. But young Cumnock lived his four years strongly and steadily, keeping the best to the front and making his life count by way of example and influence. It was up-hill work, but one by one other men took the same stand, and when Class Day of his senior year came, and the class wished to acknowledge the strongest one of them all and the man who had done most to tone up the life of the college until purity and good held highest place, they singled out Arthur Cumnock and gave him their united honor.

THEY may call you "fool" now, your best

friends may call you "fool"; but if the experience of the past is valid, your children and your children's children will call you "Saint," and their judgment will be right. You may not be popular; but you will be respected. You may not have the most pleasant time in the world; but you will be useful. Your feet may climb a rugged road, and deep into your side may be thrust the spear; but you will be making your life count for something. And the indwelling God whispers, "Lo, I am with you alway."

CHAPTER THREE

Where Does Service Begin

The greatest task. The most immediate and fundamental need in America today is a conversion of the spirits of men. Somehow we must convert the spirit of suspicion into a spirit of faith; the spirit of getting into a spirit of giving; the spirit of hate into a spirit of love; the spirit of selfishness into a spirit of service.

The first step, if we follow the method of Jesus, will not be to blow up the present society or to try to kick to pieces everything our fathers have built up for us. Jesus never used dynamite; He used leaven. He occasionally worked miracles on men's bodies, but his greatest miracles were in their spirits. Once he could get working in the hearts of men the leaven of his teaching about the living, indwelling God, he was confident of the result. And so may we be.

Begin with your own community. The first service lies there. You are the center of it. Let the indwelling God convert whatever of suspicion, selfishness, and greed there may be in you into faith and love and service. That is your first big service problem. The next is to try to help

others do the same—your family, your schoolmates, your neighbors.

But how? Not by argument or by preaching or by dynamite; but by the contagion of your spirit. "Christianity is caught—not taught." There is nothing more contagious in the world than a cheerful, hopeful spirit. One thoroughgoing intelligent Christian in a home, a school, a neighborhood is a more powerful leaven for righteousness and for happiness than any amount of money or any number of organizations.

The cheerful spirit does not content itself with being cheerful and hopeful. It does not sit with folded hands. It is the most active spirit, the most unconfinable thing imaginable. It is forever at work trying to get God's will done in the world. And it is as you forget yourself in the task of getting God's will done in the world that your family, your schoolmates, and your neighbors see your spirit working and are caught by its contagion. Your church is one of the channels through which you may work. Your family, your friends, your schoolmates are other channels.

The first enemy to be overcome is the nearest obstacle that limits men and women or boys and girls from developing the divine possibilities God has given them. It may be a "blind pig" or a gambling joint, a public dance-hall or a low poolroom. On the other hand, it may be a weak and

inefficient school, a grinding form of industry, a slum condition, or a neglected public health problem. Or it may be a lowering of the moral standards such as we considered in our first chapter. Whatever the obstacle, it is a challenge to you. Destroy it. Remove it. God is with you—what matter if all the powers of evil be against you?

When you have given your friendship and the contagion of your spirit, you have started on the right road. Just how far you will get along that road will depend largely upon how much courage and especially how much persistence and training you can muster. Emerson said, "A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is braver five minutes longer." If you can champion an unpopular Christian cause in your community, and undergo the misunderstanding and criticism which usually attends the beginning of such a work, and stick to it until you have created a public sentiment on behalf of your cause, and until you have guided it to a permanent place in the life of the community, you will have become one of the great succession—a true leader along the road of Progress. To do it, you will need not only your friendship and your spirit of helpfulness; you will need training in method, training in facts about the cause you champion, training in the intimate knowledge of the ways

and customs of the people you are trying to serve, and in the particular line of your service, whether it is nursing or teaching, language or civil government, religion or music.

Working with God. William James, who led thousands of men's minds through the dark gorges of doubt and fear to the light of faith, chose deliberately not only the path of service but the method by which he proposed to follow it. In 1899 he wrote a letter to a friend in which these illuminating words are found:

"As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead and puts them on the top."

Note especially these words: "I am in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way,

under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead and puts them on the top." They sound very much like a saying of Jesus': "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

That calls to mind a story. A magazine once offered a framed motto, "Blessed are the meek," to any meek person who had made good. Dr. Frank Crane answered this magazine. After reminding the editor that meekness is humility, he wrote:

"And what is humility? It is the wish to be great and the dread of being called great. It is the wish to help and the dread of thanks. It is the love of service and the distaste for rule. It is trying to be good and blushing when caught at it. It is loyalty to truth and reality and hate of sham and seeming.

"In all the real things of life it is only the meek who inherit. In love it is the meek who sit upon thrones, and it is the proud who bow down to them; in art it is the meek alone who have eyes to see the shy secrets of nature and the grace to interpret them fitly; in science it is the meek alone who have the subtle instinct for truth; in goodness it is only the meek who have that rare flower of unconscious purity; and in life's sterner affairs, before the furies of sickness, failure, calamity and death, it is only the meek who stand

calm and ready, while the braggarts tremble, whine, and flee.

"Who of us, in his serious hour, would not rather be found worthy to stand beside old Socrates, poisoned like a rat in a hole, and Jesus, hung to die between two thieves, and Lincoln, shot down like a dog, than to be brother to the last devious money lord or political baron who has schemed and bludgeoned his way to the kingship of these times?

"To furnish the cheapest kind of prize to all the meek who make good would bankrupt a millionaire. For all over the world among simple folk, unwept, unhonored, and unsung, each faithful in his small corner, are myriads of brave, helpful souls, who suppose themselves to be nothing, who would be amazed if told there is anything noble about them, yet who are facing life's responsibilities bravely and death's terrors unafraid and the unknown tomorrow with cheer and strong hearts. No prize of men or magazines can reach them, for they hide; but they wear unseen the crown of wild olive for all that, and unto them shall be given the morning star.

"They are like God; for, have you never noticed? God is so shy and humble and hidden that the humbugs don't believe He exists! God never seems to make good, until the centuries have their say."

THE PATH OF SERVICE BEGINS IN YOUR OWN COMMUNITY

What the editor did with his framed motto is not recorded.

Begin your service with your own community, but don't stop there. America will not be Christian until her men and women have learned "to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" in their individual lives, in their homes, in their businesses, in their government, and in every human relationship. We are a long way from that state of affairs just now and the young men and women who lead us to it will have plenty of trail blazing to do. Let us look at the great unfinished tasks that await the younger generation.

Christian Americanization in miniature. Suppose you were on board a ship that was wrecked, and suppose that on that ship there were, beside yourself, about a hundred men, women, and children representing nearly every nation under the sun. By good fortune, suppose you were all able to reach a small island. Suppose, also, that there were small chance of any of you ever going back to your original homes or getting away from the island. What would you do? Would the two or three Americans form one small colony, the Italians another, the Hungarians another, the Russians another, and so on? And then would you each strive to live to yourselves with no regard for the others except for what you could

get out of them? Or would you try to get together, pooling your fortunes, your best traditions, your education, and your culture? Would you not say, "Here we are, for better or worse. The thing for us to do is to make the best of it. Let us adopt the motto, 'all for each and each for all.' Let those of us who are educated share our education with those who are less fortunate. Let those of us who know how to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before now grow them for the benefit of all. Let those who are skilled with their hands devote that skill to our common welfare. Let our doctor serve not only the Americans but the entire community. Let our minister not try to convert us all to his particular denomination but, to the best of his ability, let him endeavor to bring us all into fellowship with God."

The same task multiplied by one million. Now the first part of this situation is practically what has happened in America only on a larger scale. Instead of there being a hundred of us, there are something more than a hundred million of us. And instead of landing all at once, we have come on the instalment plan. The Indians on the reservations are practically the only people in this country who are not immigrants. During the past century 34,000,000 men, women, and children have come to this country from other lands. At

this writing some 3,000 more every day are entering our doors.

But the second part of this island-situation we have not yet worked out. The various nationalities that have come to this larger island are still, for the most part, living to themselves. We have each transplanted to this country the habits of life, the racial antagonisms, the religious differences of the old world. To a large extent we have even retained our own languages. We have not shared our wisdom and our skill. For the most part we have not served each other except at the point of necessity. The unfinished business which the older generation is now handing on to the younger generation is the task of melting all these races together and out of the best in each of us making a new nation.

The first thing to do is to find out who these immigrants are. Where have they come from? Why have they come? What do they find? What do they do? Where and how do they live? What are their needs?

Where have they come from? Those who came when your grandfather was a boy were from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia. They were Christians, for the most part, and knew something at least about representative government. Those who have been coming for the last thirty or forty years, however, have

been mostly Italians, Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, and Magyars. They do not know our language, our customs, our form of government, or our Bible.

Why have they come? In general there are three reasons. First, they have come to escape intolerable living conditions in their home countries. Each nationality, of course, has its own peculiar problems, but poverty and oppression, starvation of body and cramping of soul seem to be common in the Old World. Kenneth L. Roberts in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* thus describes living conditions among the poor in Warsaw:

"At intervals between the shops there are little archways leading into dirty courtyards; round the courtyards rise the tenement houses in which the prospective emigrants live. There was one tenement house in Warsaw in which 3,000 persons were living. It didn't look large; but every inch of space was utilized. There were families sleeping under staircases and living along the walls of hallways. Three families, of eight, ten, and even fifteen people apiece, were living together in one medium-sized room with no partitions of any sort to separate them. The cellar, as stuffy and dark as a mine tunnel, was crowded with people. These people, and the people in scores of other buildings that I visited in the quarter, lived exclusively on black bread, beans, bad beets, and half-rotten potatoes. They

lived on such fare as this long before the war. Under the Russians, the Hebrews of Russian Poland were oppressed in various ways; and on this oppression is blamed the poverty of the bulk of them. These are the conditions that exist in all Jewish ghettos in Poland."

If you lived in such conditions, wouldn't you wish to escape from them? It is probably an extreme picture, but the conditions could be far less extreme and still be intolerable to the human flesh and even more intolerable to the human spirit.

Second, they have come to obtain for themselves some of the blessings which they have heard are as free as the air in America. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is so taken for granted by those of us who were born in America that we cannot appreciate how heavenly that principle seems to those who live in squalor and in subjection to unjust hardships. The golden streets of Paradise seem no more wonderful to them than America's free school system or our public hospitals and dispensaries.

Third, they have come to get some of the "big money" which they have heard it is so easy to earn in America. Before the war, most of the steamship companies had agents scattered throughout Europe drumming up emigrants for America. These agents worked on commission.

Every steamship ticket sold meant so much money in their pockets. As a result, many of them, in their desire for larger commissions, painted pictures of America that we who live here would hardly recognize. Many poor people gained the impression that gold could be scraped up from the gutters or shaken from the trees. "If they (the steamship agents) could persuade anybody to go to America by assuring him that American hens were in the habit of laying diamond-studded earrings on Mondays and platinum watches on Fridays, they would gladly do so. And in many cases they did. The steamship agents who stimulate emigration have vanished; but the fairy-tales they told about America are still related to infants."

Much of the impression of America's wealth is based on more substantial foundation than the tales of the steamship agents. Millions of dollars have been sent by earlier immigrants to relatives in the Old Country, and today in many parts of central Europe there are whole villages and communities whose chief source of income is the money saved by immigrants in this country and sent back to their homes.

So great is the eagerness of these foreigners to escape their intolerable living conditions and to gain the blessings and the money of America, that they are willing to undergo all manner of

perils to get here. We usually think of their problem as beginning with their landing at Ellis Island; but for many of them the journey began four or five or even six months before and every step of the way was accompanied by hardship. For some of them these hardships began with their decision to come to this country. Mr. Roberts, in the article mentioned before, tells a typical story:

"Some of the private banks that undertake to send money from America to Poland handle the money in such a way that the person to whom the money is sent may consider himself fortunate if he gets even the short end.

"The authorities were on the trail of the representative of a private banker while I was in Warsaw. He was a Hebrew who had emigrated to America in his early youth and had now come back to exploit his own people. Let us call him Jones.

"The chief reason for Jones' unpopularity with the authorities lay in his tirelessness in assuring the poor Hebrews in the provinces that he could fix it up for them to get to America. In return for his invaluable service he demanded only a small amount of money—say, 500 marks, or about four dollars,—from each person. He had photographs showing himself surrounded by emigrants whom he claimed to have taken to America. All the people in the photographs looked as pleased and smug and self-satisfied as though they had just come in from cleaning gold pieces off the

pavement with a dustpan. Needless to say, it was a fake photograph, and Jones was no more capable of helping anyone get to America than he was of making the sun stand still by threatening it with the League of Nations."

Often the foreigner who starts for America has a fund of several hundred dollars, but such rascals as Jones manage to get it away from him, and by the time he reaches America he is almost destitute of money, clothing, and understanding. The wonder is that he is able to retain any faith in human nature. It is not uncommon for foreigners bound for America to be kicked off trains and subjected to all manner of insult and abuse. Frequently a large part of their journey is made on foot. Those who have left central Europe have often endured from one to six months of travel by foot and cart and third-class carriage until they were finally crowded into the steerage of some American-bound ship.

These facts are not recounted here for the purpose of stimulating sentiment in behalf of the immigrant. There is altogether too much sentiment already and too little action. The facts are related only that we may have a better understanding of these men, women, and children who have made their way through tremendous difficulties to reach our shores, and who are now for better or for worse our neighbors.

What do they find? When they arrive, they find that they did not leave behind them all the petty thieves and human vultures. Before they get settled in this country they first have to run the gauntlet of cab drivers, guides, fake lawyers, quack doctors, lodging-house keepers, and advisers. If the immigrant has any money left when he has run this gauntlet, he has earned it. Mr. Jerome Davis, who has made a most interesting study of the Russians and Ruthenians in America says:

"The proprietors of some cheap boarding-houses would keep them many days under the pretext that only on a certain day could they get a train for Connecticut or California and sometimes two days waiting for a train to Fall River or Taunton.

"Jitney drivers and teamsters would charge fabulous amounts to carry them and their small baggage to the railroad station. In a single day a jitney driver obtained about $300—only from carrying immigrants from the State Pier to the Union Station, while for the same distance an electric car or a regular jitney would charge only six cents. One and two dollars per capita was a very common charge, and a taxi driver charged a poor immigrant $10 to carry him within a distance of a half-mile."

Next they find employers, even among their own people who have preceded them, who are

willing to exploit them. They find unscrupulous politicians who herd them to the polls and vote them in blocks. They find padrones and contractors who colonize them and shut them out from contact with true American life. They find in place of the cathedrals in the Old Country, the bare uninviting mission halls on side streets, and they find Christianity divided into more than two hundred different denominations and almost equally divided in thought and force and action.

Many of them find, too, that the trades at which they had become skilled in their own country are of no use to them over here. The Armenian, for example, has learned in his own country great dexterity with the needle. His embroideries and laces are world-famous, but in this country his handicraft is profitless to him, for we depend upon machinery and large scale production for most of our bedspreads, curtains, table linen, and clothing. The result is that the Armenian's skill is of little value to him and he must begin as a common laborer in this country.

But what else do they find? Despite the multiplied cost of living, they find the wages so much better than they had known in the Old Country that, if they are thrifty, their living conditions are greatly improved. They have the benefits of laws of sanitation not in operation in the homeland. After some years, they gain their chance

to have a part in the government. They find free education for their children. They enjoy the privileges and advantages of our public libraries, our parks, and playgrounds. And more and more social opportunities are being planned and perfected for them.

What do they do? Of the 430,000 immigrants who were admitted to America during the year ending June 30, 1920, 12,000 classified themselves as professional men and women, 70,000 as skilled workers and 174,000 as of unskilled and miscellaneous occupation. The remainder were children. The major part of the unskilled work of America and a very large part of the skilled work is, today, done by immigrants. Take the furnace in your own home for example; the iron of which it is made and the coal that feeds it were probably dug from the earth by immigrants. The chairs you sit on, the bed you lie on, its sheets, its blankets you owe likewise to their labor. The same is true of the meat and sugar that you eat, and of your collars and cuffs, your cotton gowns and shirts, your suits and coats, your shoes and gloves and leather bags. The chances are better than fifty to fifty that the immigrant made these things for you.

Where and how do they live? Three fourths of them have settled in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New England, and the Middle

West. Most of them have settled in the cities in the "little Italies," and "ghettos," "little Bohemias," and so forth. Very likely you have a colony of immigrants within two or three miles of your home. If you have not seen one and if you live in the East or Middle West, it will be easy for you to see an immigrant colony with your own eyes. Nothing can make the presence of the immigrant so real to you as that. Take New York City, for example. Sooner or later everyone visits New York. Go to Allen Street or Rivington or Grand. Peep into the brass-shops, walk along the sidewalks. Note shop-signs in queer characters, the pushcarts that line the way displaying all sorts of necessities and strange edibles. Listen to the bickering in alien tongues that goes on about the carts, watch the dark-eyed children warming their hands on a wintry day at a little corner fire or dancing merrily to a hurdy-gurdy, at play in the streets because home furnishes no space.

Or choose Cleveland with its million people, eighty per cent of whom are classified as either foreign or of foreign parentage. Or choose St. Louis or Chicago or Detroit or Columbus or Pittsburgh or Philadelphia or Baltimore. The immigrants are crowding, every one of them, colony upon colony, mass upon mass, until American children of American parentage are now in the minor-

ity, and children of immigrants fill the tenements and the schools.

What, in the long run, are these immigrants going to mean to America, good or evil? What is America in turn going to mean to them? The situation is not imaginary. It exists. It will have to be solved in one way or another.

Their standards of living are not American standards. One of the greatest issues now before the American people is the question, Which is the greater good, to preserve America's traditional policy of asylum for the oppressed of all nations and allow a comparatively unrestricted immigration to flow into this country; or, on the other hand, to preserve our American standards of living and to that end admit only as many immigrants as we can assimilate and bring rapidly up to American standards? A self-respecting American will not work in factories where there is insufficient light or too great nerve and muscle strain and where the wages are unjust, but many of these immigrants have no such compunctions. Having no traditions of decent working conditions and under the necessity of earning a living, they are willing to work anywhere, to eat almost any kind of food, and undergo injustice which no American would tolerate. For example, many Russians in this country who at home were used to outdoor farm life, take positions here in fac-

tories where the air is surcharged with chemical fumes and impurities as harmful. In the course of Mr. Jerome Davis' study of the Russians in this country, he interviewed the wife of a priest in Hartford, Connecticut, who told him that she saw one Russian boarding-house keeper in 1920 buy 27 pounds of meat for $1.50. It was the cheapest there was, for the butcher picked it out from the scraps under the table.

What are their needs? Their immediate needs are physical; proper housing, with all that it means in light, ventilation, and safety; just working conditions without unnecessary danger to health or body; and a standard of living worthy of a self-respecting American neighborhood. It would be pure sentimentalism to say that it is the task of us who pride ourselves on our American ancestry, to provide these physical needs. We have had to work for them ourselves and often we have had to fight for them. The work and the fighting made us appreciate their value when we secured them. The immigrant must do the same thing. But there is no sentimentality in urging that we cooperate with him for our mutual welfare. We must not forget that all of us, even the Pilgrims who came in the *Mayflower*, were originally immigrants to this country. Is it not our duty and privilege to pass on to these newcomers the rights and the liberties which we

in turn inherited from our fathers? In common justice can we do less?

Social needs. But greater than their physical needs are their social needs,—that is, their need of education and of our friendship and cooperation. Social workers who have given their lives to the task are practically unanimous in saying that the greatest obstacle in Christian Americanization is not the stupidity or ignorance of the foreigner, but the attitude of the average American. Prejudice has grown up against the immigrant, and that prejudice is expressed in ridicule and contempt. Instead of seeing in the immigrant the best that he has brought with him from the Old Country, we have persisted in seeing his worst,—his dirt, his ignorance, his peculiar customs. Somehow we assume that because we have lived here longer and are cleaner and use better English—and none too good at that—we are better citizens than the newcomers. But in reality, the best American is not simply the one who has lived in this country the longest, but the one who contributes the most to the life of this nation.

"Be your own Americanizer," is the excellent advice of the California State Commission on Immigration and Housing, and it adds the following rules:

1. Don't snub foreign people—make friends with them.

2. Don't laugh at their questions about American life—answer them.
3. Don't profit by their ignorance of American law—help remove it.
4. Don't distrust the foreign-born—make them trust you.
5. Don't mimic their "broken" English—help them correct it.
6. Don't drive the immigrant into financial failure—success makes for citizenship.
7. Don't underrate his intelligence—he had brains enough to come here.
8. Don't call him offensive nicknames—how would you like that yourself?
9. Don't "Americanize" by fear and threats —"Americanize" by the square deal.
10. Don't make the immigrant HATE America —make him LOVE America.

By so doing you will strengthen America.

In addition to these ten rules, which are probably fundamental to any constructive effort, some practical plan of organization must be worked out by which the immigrant will be met at Ellis Island,—or other point of entry,—protected from the petty grafters who now prey upon him, taught the first principles of our language, our form of government and our standards of living, and finally located in that part of the country where his services are most needed and where he can contribute most to the welfare of America.

An interesting suggestion along this line is the

IMMIGRANTS, COLONY UPON COLONY AND MASS UPON MASS, IN THE LARGER CITIES OF AMERICA

recommendation of Mr. Roberts in the article referred to. He suggests that the government employ the great training camps which are now practically of no use to the nation as training camps for newly arrived immigrants. Such a plan as this would start them on the road to Americanization more effectively than would ever have been possible before the war. Certain it is that we dare not, for safety's sake if for no other reason, go on in our present unorganized and inefficient methods of Americanization.

Some idea of the size of the task before us may be gained from these words of Dr. Charles L. Zorbaugh upon his return a few months ago from a study of the leading cities in America:

"We have touched but the fringe of this problem. Great, untouched immigrant masses lie everywhere about us; masses like the 14,000 souls of forty-one nationalities in East Youngstown, all but solidly foreign, where neglect and abuse blazed up in the fiery riot of 1916; or the Hamtramck island of population in Detroit where among 48,000 souls, 80 per cent foreign born, there is not a single English-speaking white church, and only 10 per cent of the adult men are voters. Yet out of it in the war came the largest percentage of volunteers of any district in Michigan. To speak of New York is instantly to visualize its teeming East Side, its torrents of human life rushing up and down the city canyons, its children counting seven out of every nine chil-

dren of school age in the metropolis, an army so large that if it marched ten abreast in close formation the front rank would be entering Philadelphia when the rear guard crossed the Hudson. We have hardly made a dent in this vast alien mass."

The needs of the spirit. The immigrant's greatest needs are spiritual. "Though the last foreigner should have learned the English language," writes Charles A. Brooks, "and the last foreign woman should become expert in American housewifery, and all should become loyal citizens and live up to the American standard of physical well-being, yet their deepest need would not be met. No man, foreign-speaking or American-born, can live by bread alone." Remember that the great majority of these immigrants have come from a country where religion has been non-Protestant and the church often corrupt. The Bible is to the great majority of them a sealed book.

All of us who live in cities have a constant struggle to save our own spirits from becoming hard and cruel. The rush of the city, the race for business, the roar of the traffic, the grind and crush of it all somehow get through our bodies and wear upon our souls. We must be forever on the lookout to see that our finer sensibilities are not crushed out of us, and that those gentler

traits of kindness and sympathy and understanding hold their own. This struggle is hard enough for us who have been born in America, who know the customs and language of the country, and who have established ourselves. But the immigrant and especially the immigrant who works in an industrial community does not know our language, our customs, nor has he any roots in our soil that will steady him against the rush and torrent of modern industrial life.

In Dr. Haskell's study of the Albanians he deplores the fact that the Albanian transplanted to America all too often degenerates spiritually. He gets a Ford and rocking-chair, but often loses his chastity and the reliability which in most cases he brought with him. At home the pressure of national customs and the absence of saloons kept the Albanian in the straight and narrow path of morality, but here where the chains of his moral traditions are no longer binding him, and where brothers tempt him, he soon falls. It is useless to try to establish in this country traditions and customs of Albania, but there is a more powerful means of redeeming those who have fallen and of saving those who are still on the ledge. He writes:

"Those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far, already have sensed my strong conviction that Christ-like personal relations of native

Americans to new Americans go further than anything else in Christianizing and Americanizing the latter. The Christian landlord who takes a personal interest in his Albanian tenant will find any suggestions which he may make about the care and upkeep of his property cordially heeded in a great majority of cases. The Christian employer who treats his Albanian employees as men and brothers, according to the Golden Rule, will draw out that instinctive loyalty which they are in the habit of yielding to their chieftain—and which eventually will go to the labor leaders if their employers fail to gain it. The Christians who call upon and invite to their home their new American acquaintances on a fraternal and not a patronizing basis, will give cheer and inspiration to strangers in a strange land hungering for friendship; and incidentally will get some insight into old world ideas and customs without the expense of an ocean voyage. It is strange how people who give money to send missionaries to Mohammedans across the sea will live beside Mohammedans in their own city without establishing a single friendly contact; yes, will let those Mohammedans return to the Old Country after years of residence in a Christian land, without having seen the inside of a Christian home or church."

Neighborliness. That is straight talk about Americans and Albanians and it applies equally well to the great majority of immigrants of other nationalities. All the laws in the world will not

do half so much good to either immigrant or American as old-fashioned neighborliness. Neighborliness is the secret of the success of such outstanding social workers among immigrants as Rev. E. J. Helms and Willard Shattuck, in Boston, Howard Yergin, in New York, and Ralph Cummins, in Gary, Indiana. Through the Goodwill Industries and the Church of All Nations in Boston, through the American Parish in New York, and through the neighborhood house at Gary, the hand of friendship is reaching out to the hundreds of thousand of immigrants in those communities. Through these workers and the institutions through which they work, all that is best in America and all that is best in Italy and Hungary and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia is being melted together in friendship.

But these workers and all the others of their type are few and their total impress upon the immigrant problem is small. That problem will never be solved in America until each of us becomes his own Americanizer. We cannot commit this task to institutions. All the institutions in the country taken together are too small. The task is as large as the country itself and only as every one does his share—gives his friendship and his cooperation—shall we save America and the immigrant and our own souls.

CHAPTER FOUR

Needs of Town and Country Communities

Not long ago the seventeen-year-old son of a traveling man in the Middle West came home half drunk. His mother was prostrated. His father was aroused to investigate how it had happened. The family lived in a village of about 1,600 population. There were several pool-rooms in connection with cafés which were reputed to be "blind tigers." It was in one of these that his son had yielded to the temptation to drink in company with some other fellows. Now there were five Protestant churches in that little town. The father immediately laid the blame for his son's disgrace not alone to his own share of the responsibility, but also at the door of these churches. Here were five institutions in one small town supposedly guarding the moral and spiritual welfare of that town. If they had been efficient—"on their job"—this boy would not have been disgraced. Five churches ought to be able to keep one small town clean.

The father went around and studied these churches with the end in view of seeing what could be done to make them more efficient. He looked

at them from a business man's standpoint. The first thing he saw was that altogether they represented an investment of $25,000. That was about the value of the fine new court house that was the pride of the town. If these five churches had combined their interests, they could have had a plant as large as the court house with room enough not only for Sunday service, but for clean recreations and all sorts of societies, clubs, and leagues through the week. The budget of these five churches was about $6,000 a year, and on that amount they were barely able to pay their current expenses and five ministers a starvation wage, each church holding its pastor on only part time. If the money could have been spent all in one plant, the churches could have paid one good minister a fair salary and had enough left over to pay the running expenses of the $25,000 building. The scheme looked very practical. Why couldn't it be put into operation?

He then began to study the congregations and the ministers to find out why. Could it be that narrow doctrinal differences were holding men apart in this day and generation? No, he found it was not that. Not one church member in ten could give the distinctive doctrines of his particular church nor tell how his church differed from his neighbors'. Could it be lack of business sense? The best business men in town were in

the churches and many of them held office. Could it be that the ministers were so narrow and selfish that they were afraid that some of them would lose their jobs if the churches united? Personal acquaintance with the ministers—though he found some of them narrow and puny—would not warrant such an explanation. What then was the cause? Why couldn't these five churches get together and do a big work in cleaning up that town instead of struggling along with no higher purpose than to keep from dying out?

Here is the explanation at which he at last arrived. The trouble lay in the small cliques among the congregations. Each church was made up largely of one or two particular cliques who prided themselves that they were the leaders. In each one of these cliques there was usually one man who was leader. That one man "ran the church" as the people themselves expressed it. He controlled the elders or the governing board and if by chance they ever got a minister who was too big a man to be bossed, the church got rid of him as soon as possible—found him "undesirable" or "unworthy." If two cliques in a church should quarrel and one got the upper hand, the other would split off and erect another church of its own where its leadership would be recognized.

Such was the explanation that this traveling

man worked out. When he had arrived at it, he gave up his plan of church consolidation as hopeless until such small cliques could be broken up and that seemed an event too far distant to promise any help in saving his boy from the evil influences of the town. In fact the small cliques could not be broken up until the minds of small town people were broadened and their hearts enlarged.

What that business man found in his own village is fairly typical of what has been taking place all over America during the last few decades. In fact it was better than typical. In many rural and village communities the churches are not only ineffective, but actually dead and abandoned. For thirty years and more country churches in America have been on the decline. Thousands have closed their doors, not because new and better churches have taken their place, but because congregations have dwindled away.

Did you ever see an abandoned church, its paint worn off, its shingles dropping from the roof, its pews torn from the floor, its pulpit broken, its scraps of carpet rolled into a corner to make a bed for some tramp, and up under the eaves the nest of an owl whose doleful hoot is the only note now heard in the sanctuary? One cannot stand in such a place without a picture rising in his mind of the congregations—the families, from grandfather to grandson—that once worshipped

there and filled the church with their songs and hallowed it with their prayers.

But that picture is fast becoming a memory. Something has happened in the country, something not good for human beings nor for their houses of worship. Here are some figures for one county in Tennessee. The population of the county is 8,815. Only 14 per cent of these are enrolled as church members. There are twenty-six churches in the county, but only eight of them have pastors and only three of these give full time to the ministry. Five of the eight do not reside in the community where they preach. Twenty-two of these twenty-six churches have no Sunday-school; fifteen of them have no records either of finance or of membership. Only two out of the twenty-six have gained in membership during the past ten years. Only two of the twenty-six have male members under twenty-one years of age; and only five have female members under twenty-one years of age. In all there are only eight young men in the county under twenty-one who belong to the church, and only thirty young women. Evidently, these churches are practically dead; they are only walking around to save funeral expenses!

The situation becomes worse when we examine one community instead of the whole county. Here is one village of about 1,000 persons. There are three churches, and the total membership of

all three is only 120. None of these churches has a pastor; none has a Sunday-school; none has regular services; none has a financial record; none has added or lost in members during the past year; two of them have no members under twenty-one years of age; two of them have no church buildings. This is an extreme picture and not presented here as typical. The point is that the general tendency is toward this extreme rather than toward efficiency.

We are told that the foreign mission enterprise rests primarily upon the country church and that the vitality of city churches depends upon their inflow of members from the country. What will be the future of our foreign mission enterprises and our city churches when the results of this decay make themselves apparent? And what possible service can the church render to its own community when it is in such a condition as is described by these figures? And what must be the moral and spiritual condition of the young people of the county whose churches have lost their way?

What has been happening? A great change has been taking place throughout country communities in America during the past thirty years. The price of land has doubled and re-doubled. Old families have been selling their farms and moving out of the neighborhood. The social life of the community has been broken up. The old cus-

toms have passed away. Tenant farming in certain parts of the country has made tremendous progress and usually at the expense of the social life of the people. Morals have taken the primrose path, and selfishness and individualism have grown like weeds in the hearts and spirits of men.

Changing population in the country. Steadily, unwaveringly, the trend of population in America has gone from country to city. It has been noted by keen observers for nearly half a century, but the last census returns have made everyone see that this tendency is a national problem. What began in New England forty years ago and resulted in the decadence of the famous village life of that section, has to a greater or less degree been repeated in many parts of America. Some of the most fertile parts of our nation have decreased in population, and the net result is a loss of a quarter of a million in the population of rural America in the last census period. Even when the incorporated towns of 2,500 inhabitants or less are considered, the figures show a gain of but three per cent. In the last census period, the city (population over 2,500) has gained eleven million on the country and for the first time becomes the predominant portion of our population.

Effect on the country church. Such movement of population affects all community institutions in the country—schools, lodges, clubs, and churches.

Let us consider here the effect upon the churches, with the understanding that similar effects are seen in the schools and other institutions as well. In Ohio a study of thirty-one counties showed that of the 1,515 churches more than two thirds were arrested or dying. The same study showed that 41 per cent of the farms in Ohio are now run by tenant farmers but only 22 per cent of the tenant farmers are to be found upon the church roll. Small churches are the rule in rural America, and when the population is shifting and decreasing, the churches have less chance to grow. A church of less than one hundred members is likely to die. Its chance of life is not more than one in three. Yet these studies showed that 55 per cent of the churches in Ohio are of this small hopeless membership of less than seventy-five members each; 60 per cent of the village and country churches have less than 100 members each. One historic church, the only one in a township, sixty miles from a great metropolitan center, has lost just 50 per cent of its membership in the last fifty years. In an eastern county, one of the best in Pennsylvania, one hundred farms were withdrawn from production within the last two years. No wonder that recent rural surveys, so far as studied, have failed to show a single county in which as many as half the churches were showing a healthy growth.

The desperate condition of many rural churches. Part of the reason for this is the smallness of the churches and their feeble program. It is the exceptional county that shows more than half its country churches having more than seventy-five members. Even in as thickly a settled state as Pennsylvania, which has the largest rural population of any state, some counties were found with as high as 48.5 per cent of the churches having twenty-five members or less. Such groups, unless they are placed in strategic places in growing communities, are self-defeated. In such an audience there is small inspiration for the minister. There is little hope on the part of the people. They have grown content with their poor, dying rate of living. They have been soothed by the promise of blessing upon the two or three gathered together. They have forgotten that this promise was only for those "agreed as touching anything," that is, some real request worthy of the Master and for His Kingdom.

The need of resident ministers. Such small groups cannot command a resident minister giving his full time to the community. As a result, the great majority of country churches in America are served by men who come into the community but one or two days a month for a preaching service and a Sunday dinner, but for no pastoral or community work whatever. One denomination

reports that it has 17,000 country churches, but that on any Sunday of the year only 5,000 of these churches are holding service and the remaining 12,000 churches are closed. Another denomination reports that 90 per cent of its rural churches are served by absentee pastors, and three fourths of its churches have but one service a month. In Ohio 87 per cent of the country ministers are of this non-resident, absentee type. For the most part they live in towns where they do not preach, and preach in the country where they do not live. What chance have country ministers of this absentee variety to win the friendship of the people —especially the young people, and to help them in their spiritual struggles. What chance would Jesus himself have had of making disciples of Peter, James, and John if he had simply met them and preached to them one day a month? One Eastern town has six churches for 150 people and no resident minister. In another Eastern state there are thirty-six churches within a radius of six miles, while adjoining townships are almost uncared for and more than 1,000 children of school age have no formal religious instruction whatever.

The failure of the circuit system. The lack of resident ministers and the circuit system which accompanies the lack have utterly failed to effect the spiritual salvation, to accomplish which is the

FOUR CHURCHES IN A ROW, ALL OF THEM WITH MINISTERS ON PART TIME—A WASTEFUL AND SINFUL DUPLICATION

A MODERN RURAL CHURCH PLANT AT MT. AIRY, MARYLAND

Church's reason for existence. In 1916 one county of 30,000 souls showed a decreasing church membership and one abandoned church. Four years later the same county was surveyed and showed a loss of nearly 1,000 in rural church membership and thirteen abandoned churches. In one community of 775 people there are seven abandoned churches. If seven different denominations, each maintaining a church in this town as one point of a circuit, have failed, is it not reasonable to suppose that one church in such a place might succeed?

These churches died because the people, feeling that, in the fractional ministry of one service or two a month, the church showed a lack of interest in them, reciprocated by taking little interest in the church. To survive, the churches emphasized differences, and in seeking to save their lives, they lost them. Not in minor differences, in losing life for the Kingdom's good, but in emphasizing first agreements, in seeking first the Kingdom of God, lies the solution of this and other problems of the country church.

It is easy to understand how results like this can arise from an abuse of the circuit system when we study it still further. Consider for instance the waste in travel. Here are a few figures taken at random. Rev. Mr. A travels 700 miles to preach at one church twice a month. Rev. Mr. B

goes 416 miles a month to serve his two churches. Rev. Mr. C has three churches and travels only 396 miles, while with the same number Rev. Mr. D traverses only 175 miles. Three of these pastors pass through a town, two of them changing cars there, that has no religious ministration at all. The cost of all this useless travel would go a long way toward raising salaries and allowing one of these circuit riders to minister to the people at the neglected junction point.

There are scores of instances like the following, which vary only in mileage. In one state a certain minister living in A, once a month travels 250 miles to conduct a service at B for a handful of people. The same day another minister sets forth from B to preach to another handful 250 miles away at A. We might well echo the words of Nicodemus, "How can such things be," or those of a twentieth-century layman who said, "Why don't both you men stay at home and mind your business?"

With ministers traveling distances like these, thousands of churches are perforce closed every Sunday, thousands have no Sunday-school, and where one does exist, the minister has time to attend only about half its sessions, if the school is but one point of a circuit.

Wasted effort. From these facts it is clearly to be seen that there must be a great amount of

overlapping of effort. This is too true. A town has started, and a church, denomination A, is begun. Denomination B also enters the field trusting that the community will grow. Of course, there are still too few to support a resident pastor, so the congregation is put on a circuit. It has, however, its own building. Other denominations follow. Note some of the results. We find one town of 150 people with six churches. In an Oklahoma town of 3,500 there are fourteen churches of as many denominations, but only one full-time pastor. A Texas town officially laid claim to "the distinction" of having more churches than any other town of its size in the state—ten there are for 1,233 people. A California town of 1,600 people has fourteen churches, all but one receiving "missionary" money. None of the churches is flourishing, and each feels that some of the others ought to give way. A leading citizen ventured the opinion that some at least must be right.

Lost leadership. Situations like this are not unusual; they are, alas, typical. They result, moreover, in a type of work that means actually neglecting a territory, for a church on a circuit, with a non-resident pastor, does not stretch out far from its home base. Its impact upon the community is slight. For instance, in one section of a county so fertile that the yield per acre of

oats is more than one hundred bushels, with other crops in proportion, there are seven churches with a total membership of 246. There are no resident pastors, and there are 1,000 people in that section of the county, prosperous as any farmers in America, outside the ministration of the church. The mission money drawn by these seven churches would finance a resident, full-time minister who could win this section for the Kingdom of God.

In another county there was but one resident pastor in the entire third of the county that lay to the southwest. There were, however, twenty churches, eight of them abandoned. The one resident pastor lived in a township of 2,100 people in which there were 134 church members. Some of the non-resident ministers traveled through a community of 500 people in which there had been no church services for ten years. This was in a populous east-central county. Conditions were recognized, but with the constant pressure of keeping alive scattered groups of denominationalists, there was no strength or time for work for the Kingdom of God in such needy fields.

No program of service to meet changed conditions. The greatest tragedy in the whole situation is the lack of a definite program, even where the churches are large enough. Churches with more than 100 members under twenty-one years of age and with over 500 in their Sunday-school, have

been found that do not have any provision for the social needs of their members. "The future of this church lies with the young people," writes a pastor, 60 per cent of whose people are twenty-one years of age or less. Yet here, too, there is no young people's society, no leadership training, no socials, not even an annual picnic.

In spite of all the changes that have taken place in the country during the past thirty years, the country church program has not changed. It still consists of a few hymns and a sermon and a collection one or two days a month. That program met a very definite need in the pioneer days of this country when the minister was the only educated man, and the community was made up of a fairly settled population which had inherited from its fathers a strong religious tradition. But the rural population today has no such heritage, neither is it a settled population. The social life of the community has also completely changed with the introduction of automobiles, rural mail delivery, and telephones. The farmer's spiritual struggle is harder than ever before. He must save his soul from narrowness and littleness, from commercialism and greed, from all the dark powers that breed in loneliness and social and moral stagnation. The great majority of country churches have still to develop programs of service that will give adequate help in this struggle.

Moral decline in the country. The decline of the country church has been followed by an inevitable decline in morality. In his book, *Six Thousand Country Churches,* Rev. C. O. Gill shows the illiteracy, illegitimacy, crime, and physical degeneracy that have followed in the trail of the declining churches. He shows also that when such established Protestant churches as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist close their doors, sane religious worship and expression is followed by a degenerate type of religion that spends itself in emotionalism and ecstasy. Suppose this decline should continue, and the churches which are founded on intelligent faith should be supplanted by the Holy Rollers, Godites, and similar bodies, what would be the effect upon the lives of the boys and girls of the next generation?

Better training for ministers. The need for strong ministers in the city is so great that it has become increasingly rare for college and seminary trained men to stay in a rural pastorate unless they have a vision for the work and a supreme consecration to the rural task. Two large denominations report that only 10 per cent of their rural pastors have had college and seminary training. In a study of the rural ministers made in seventeen counties in one state, it was found that only 6 per cent had received college and seminary training. This ratio is perhaps just a

little below the average. Much as this is to be regretted, the conditions are largely to blame. As long as American Christianity permits the survival of small, separatist groups, maintaining religious societies for the sake of denominational satisfaction, so long men looking for a real Kingdom task will turn elsewhere, and so long there will be a dearth of the type of leadership needed in the religious life of rural America.

Of course, no situation like this arises quickly. It is rooted in the past, in those times when the heroic circuit rider rode from settlement to settlement to bring the message, "Thus saith the Lord." Those times are past, however. The trails of the forest have become highways of traffic. The forests have become fertile fields. The settlement has become a town. New occasions teach new duties, but the Church has yet to learn in almost every part of rural America that the circuit system is a relic of the pioneer days and just as efficient for the present day needs of country people as a flail would be for threshing our gigantic wheat crops.

The country minister's financial struggle. The country minister has a great financial struggle. The time he is able to give to any one congregation does not warrant a large stipend, and even the total from three, six, or ten preaching points does not bulk very large. It is the exceptional

country minister who has to pay an income tax. Indeed it is the exceptional one who receives more than $2,000 a year, including the value of his parsonage. The average is less than $1,000. There is no money for books, for attendance at conferences,—and these things are the minister's tools. There is scarcely enough money for proper food and clothing. Hence, we find that country ministers are, in large numbers, engaged in other occupations to make ends meet. They farm, teach, clerk, trade horses, work as printers on the country weekly, sell automobiles, and raise rabbits. This further mars their effective work in their churches and reduces already meager pastoral work to the vanishing point.

The whole situation is intolerable. The time must come when communities will find agreements outweighing differences, when they will combine so that they can give a resident, trained minister a real field and pay him a living wage.

What is to be done about it? Begin with your own church. If you live in a large city, the best way to lend a hand to those who live and work in the country is to give them your sympathetic interest and to contribute as you are able through the benevolent offerings to the country church department of the Board of Home Missions of your denomination.

But if you live in a small town or country, you

have an immediate and direct opportunity for service. First, find out what the greatest human needs in your neighborhood are. What are the factors that are keeping men from God? Then find out what, if anything, your church is doing to meet those needs, to remove those limiting factors. For this purpose you may find useful the following score card, prepared by the Town and Country Division of the Interchurch Survey. Bear in mind that this score card sets a minimum, not a maximum, standard of efficiency. If your church cannot answer each of the thirty-one points with an unqualified "yes," you are just so far from being prepared to do your task as a church.

MEASURE YOUR CHURCH BY THIS STANDARD

I. Pastor
   1. Church has a resident pastor living within the bounds of this community.
   2. Pastor devotes his full time to the work of this community.

II. Parish
   3. Church works systematically to extend its parish to the limits of the community.
   4. Church works systematically to serve all occupational classes in the community and all racial elements which do not have their own Protestant churches.

III. Physical Equipment
5. A church building with an auditorium having a seating capacity adequate to the maximum attendance at regular service, and equipped with organ or piano.
6. Space other than church auditorium for social and recreational purposes.
7. Separate rooms or curtained spaces for Sunday-school classes or departments.
8. A stereopticon or motion-picture projection facilities.
9. A well-equipped kitchen.
10. Comfortable, attractive parsonage with modern improvements.
11. Adequate sanitary toilets on the church property.
12. Horsesheds or adequate parking space for automobiles.
13. All property kept in good repair and in sightly condition.

IV. Religious Education
14. Sunday-school maintained throughout the year.
15. Sunday-school enrollment at least equal to church membership.
16. Definite and regular attempt made to bring pupils into church membership, and the offering of specific instruction in preparation therefor.

17. Provision for teacher-training or normal class.
18. Definite provision for training of leaders for church and community work.

V. Finance

19. The church budget, including both local expenses and benevolences, adopted annually.
20. Every Member Canvass made annually on the basis of the local and benevolent budget adopted.
21. The budget for benevolence at least 25 per cent as large as the regular current expense budget.
22. The pastor receiving a total salary of at least $1,200 a year and house, with an annual increase up to at least $1,800 and house within five years.

VI. Program

23. A definite program of work adopted annually by the officers and congregation.
24. A definite assumption of responsibility with respect to some part of the program by at least 25 per cent of the active members.
25. Public worship every Sunday.
26. Systematic evangelism aimed to reach the entire community and every class in the community.

27. Cooperation with church boards and denominational agencies of world-wide missions.
28. Community service a definite part of the church's work, including a continuous and cumulative study of the social, moral, and economic forces of the community, and a definite program of community cooperation led or participated in by the church.
29. Cooperation with the other churches of the community, if any.
30. Definite organized activities for the various age and sex groups in the congregation and community (as Young People's Society, Men's Brotherhood, Boy Scouts, or similar efforts).
31. A systematic and cumulative survey of the parish with a view to determining the church relationships and religious needs of every family, and such a mapping of the parish as will show the relationship of each family to local religious institutions.

Number of points answered in unqualified affirmative .....

Number of points answered partially in affirmative .....

Number of points answered in negative .....

It is your task. The business of making town and country churches efficient is the task of the younger generation. Not because you are wiser than your fathers, but because you are less bound by the traditions of the past. The school in which your fathers were trained prepared them in the methods and programs that are now outworn. The old order must give place to the new. Can you succeed where the last generation has failed? Can you take hold of this moral and spiritual chaos and work upon it, bring the spirit of God to move upon it, until light comes out of darkness, growth comes out of stagnation, order comes out of disorder, and beauty out of the mire? Can you revive the institutions of the country so that they will actually help men and women and children to live as God wants them to live?

A call for a new leadership. Rural problems have become so difficult, and the menace of moral and spiritual decline so threatening that men of the largest caliber and broadest training are needed if the tide is to be turned. Churches, schools, and other rural institutions must have a new leadership. They must have young men and women who have the vision and the courage and the aggressiveness to break with the traditions that now govern country institutions. They must be the sort of young men and women who "grow frequent crops of new ideas and are not afraid to winnow

them with the flail of practical experiment."

President Kenyon L. Butterfield has sounded a ringing call for such leadership:

"The country-side is calling, calling for men. Vexing problems of labor and of life disturb our minds in country as in city. . . . Social institutions have developed to meet these new issues. But the great need of the present is leadership. Only men can vitalize institutions. We need leaders among the farmers themselves, we need leaders in education, leaders in organization and cooperation. . . .

"She (the Church) wants trained men, who come to their work with knowledge and with power, who have hammered out a plan for an active campaign for the rural church.

"She wants men with enthusiasms, whose energy can withstand the frosts of sloth, of habit, of pettiness, of envy, of backbiting, and whose spirit is not quenched by the waters of adversity, of unrealized hopes, of tottering schemes.

"She wants persistent men, who will stand by their task amid the mysterious calls from undiscovered lands, the siren voices of ambition and ease, the withering storms of winters of discontent.

"She wants constructive men, who can transmute visions into wood and stone, dreams into live institutions, hopes into fruitage.

"She wants heroic men, men who possess a 'tart, cathartic virtue,' men who love adventure and difficulty, men who can work alone with God and suffer no sense of loneliness."

CHAPTER FIVE

Other Unfinished Tasks

Among the Southern Mountains. Some 3,000,000 pure Anglo-Saxon Americans are living among the mountains of Missouri, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. It has been a favorite indoor sport of many tourists and novelists to hold up the ways of some of these mountaineers to laughter. Judging from the usual stories one hears about them, these 3,000,000 people are ignorant and depraved and spend their time making moonshine whisky and in shooting each other.

But quite a different picture is drawn by the teachers and missionaries who have been working among them. They admit that there are a few of the depraved variety, but point to the fact that New York and Chicago and San Francisco also have depraved citizens who make illicit whisky and occasionally exhibit homicidal tendencies. The great majority of Southern Mountaineers are not of this depraved type. They are farmers and lumbermen doing their best to earn an honest living from the land. The obstacles they have to overcome are great. The steepness of the moun-

tainside and the unproductiveness of the soil have made mere existence a struggle. Many of their children are under-fed and many have lost out in the race for life. Their poverty is such that they are unable to afford high-grade schools, and illiteracy has resulted. They have almost no railroads and very few good roads. Add to these handicaps the lack of proper medical care and of an educated ministry, and you have some idea of the obstacles the mountaineers must overcome in their struggle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

But in spite of these handicaps, the people have developed a fearlessness and a persistence that have made them an asset to America. Abraham Lincoln came from this stock. During the Great War the boys of these Southern Mountains volunteered so willingly and so quickly that when the draft came whole counties had no young men to give. Alvin York, the private most signally honored by the United States at the close of the war, was a lad of the Southern Mountains.

The teachers and missionaries who go into these mountains do not go in the spirit of converting the heathen, but rather in the spirit of sharing advantages of the outside world and receiving in return the inspiration of the mountain people themselves. The mission workers endeavor to build up among the people a community spirit and,

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ISOLATED COMMUNITIES IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS NEEDING SOMEONE TO EXTEND A HELPING HAND AND TO OPEN AN UNDERSTANDING HEART

by cooperation of the United States Department of Agriculture, to help them secure better crops from their farms. Nurses tend the sick and teach mothers how to take better care of their babies.

The mission boarding-school shows mountain boys and girls how to keep house, how to garden, and how to farm. At least one denomination trains more specifically for homemaking by placing a group of girls in a practise cottage. Here the entire management is given to the girls themselves, who are required to keep within a certain budget. In like manner the boys are taught practical farm and trade work by actually working on a farm or at a trade while at the boarding-school.

The following story of the experiences of an enthusiastic and consecrated young man will give a better picture of the life of the people, than many pages of statistics and abstract statements:

"My first call was to take care of a baby with a case of 'teeth.' So through the summer my medical work included people suffering with 'whisky nerves' and stomachs, sick babies, tubercular prospects and victims, one opium fiend, childbirths, colds, fevers, and especially the fight against worms.

"When an animal cuts itself or is badly hurt, the men at Vardy have a habit of calling on the preacher.

"Caring for the weak in mind has been very interesting to me. One I sent away for special

treatment; to another I gave organ lessons, and others I merely examined.

"Do not think that I claim to be a doctor, but, if one is situated where the only M.D. is thirteen miles away, he will make the most of two years of medical training.

"This summer I also repaired several engines and farm machines. Lining up fences, measuring for roofing, surveying roads, and puttying windows were incidental jobs.

"We have a one-room tumble-down school taught by one who should take up more grammar school work. After doing our best, we raised $425 toward a good eight months' school. I told of the real schools and their benefits, compared them with the schools of this community, showed them how they were losing money and good brains under the present system. If this campaign is kept up, we shall make an ideal grammar school center here.

"In twenty years we must have a hospital, school, playground, electric light system, printing press, canning factory, corn, saw, and wheat mills, a stone crusher, good roads, and several other necessities. We are awakening."

After discussing the needs for better agriculture, roads, recreations, and so on, and his efforts to secure their benefits for his people, he proceeded:

"At ten o'clock one night, I was called to care for a dying baby. I went up and found cholera symptoms. We worked all night to keep the baby

alive and by noon of the next day it was safe. Cause of sickness—an overheated mother nursed the baby. It became sick, and they had given it an overdose of paregoric.

"The next week I collected bottles of 'baby dope'; caught a trap full of flies, borrowed milk pans, bottles, and nipples, and used them just as I found them at a demonstration meeting. The meeting was a success.

"For the remainder of the summer we used the question and answer method in discussing 'Our Community More Beautiful, Healthful, Joyful, Fruitful, and Prayerful.' Questions were assigned a week ahead of time. Each adjective supplied a subject. All were based on Christ's word concerning a more abundant life, stewardship, laborers, and so forth. I gave fifteen minutes to suggesting some things that could be done at once. As a result several lawns have been cleaned, houses are renovated, two new houses are planned to take the place of cabins, spitting in the church is a thing condemned, and many barn improvements are accomplished.

"This place can be the chosen of these hills and lead the people if she is given the chance, but we need a leader who can be here year after year for five, ten, fifteen years: a leader trusted in business, respected in judgment, loved in friendship, a follower of Christ. We need that leader now. It was terrible to leave those people just when they wished to do things.

"Their whole thought has been, 'How shall we begin? Who will lead us?'"

That student answered his own call and is today at work in that community. But there are hundreds of other communities in the Southern Mountains with no one to serve them, and day by day young people as well as old are spiritually starving because no human being extends a helping hand or opens an understanding heart.

Among the Indians. In a private burial ground on the North Shore of Long Island is a monument to a gallant colonial captain. He was a great Indian fighter in his day. The bas-relief on one side of the shaft represents him on horseback, armed, ruthlessly treading down the redskins—men, women, and children. In the bas-relief on the opposite side his hands are outstretched to them and the motto reads, "Love One Another." The satire is unconscious, but quite too perfectly it indicates what our main policy towards the Red Men has been. We sold them fire water. Next, we took away their land. Then we crowded them on to reservations. And now we are trying to convert them to our religion. Is it any wonder that they regard us with suspicion?

It is easy to be sentimental about the Indian at a distance of time and space—to revel in Hiawatha's physical fitness and religious yearnings—to admire the fine dignity of the familiar profile on our least of coins,—to become enthusiastic about the beadwork, the baskets, the ofttimes truly

beautiful rugs the women weave—to thrill with sympathetic sadness before Fraser's "The End of the Trail" and other like works of art,—to glory in the fact that of 9,000 Indian young men who served in the war, 6,000 volunteered.

But sentimentalizing doesn't help the Indian, and it is help that he needs. There is an idea abroad that the Indians are a vanishing race, but the idea is contrary to the facts. They are increasing both in numbers and in needs. In North and South and Central America there are today about 12,000,000 Indians, and in this country alone there are 334,000. Of the latter 214,000 cannot speak English, only 79,000 are citizens, and only 26,000 are voters. But their greatest needs are not simply the learning of our language and a greater share in our government. They need most of all health, education, native leadership, and the understanding cooperation of the white race.

Their physical vigor is gone, and for that fact the white man must bear a share of the responsibility. We have chosen unpromising land for their reservations. We have packed them into close rooms. We have given them strange food. We have taken from them the joys and the exercise of the hunt and the chase. Tuberculosis, previously unknown to them, has become a scourge. Altogether too many of them are dirty and lazy and stolid.

But of late years a worse scourge than tuberculosis has afflicted them. It is the eating of peyote, or mescal. This is a very powerful drug obtained from Mexico in the form of bean pods. This bean produces a peculiar form of intoxication.

"There is muscular depression, sometimes so much so that the subject is hardly conscious of having arms and legs. Time is lengthened; a minute is like an hour, and an hour is like a whole night. Things seem far away. Common sounds seem wonderful so that one note struck on the piano seems like a whole chord. Each note produces a new series of wonderful colors. Clothed in these kaleidoscopic colors all kinds of animals and objects are seen, some beautiful and alluring, and some grotesque and fearful. But it is the colors constantly coming and going that make the most fascinating and satisfying appeal." [1]

Peyote was first used as a medicine, but because of the dreamy, happy feeling it induced, which the Indians interpreted as nearness to God, its use rapidly spread and became a sort of religious cult in spite of the fact that many investigators and scientists of high standing pronounced its effects "evil and only evil."

Dr. Bruce Kinney in the *Christian Work* tells how, under the guise of being a necessary religious rite, the use of this drug has now become a com-

[1] *Peyote or Mescal*, by Rev. Henry Vruwink, Women's Board of Domestic Missions, Reformed Church in America.

mercialized vice of alarming proportions among the Indians:

"The formal ceremony usually begins on Saturday night and there is great feasting in connection with it—and what Indian can resist a feast! The ceremonies follow the feast and include the partaking of peyote. Sleep follows, and the participants are in a stupor most of or all of Sunday, in proportion to the amount of the stuff that they have taken and the resistance their systems offer to its effects. In extreme cases it is days or weeks before the victims entirely recover their normal condition of body and mind.

"Some of the priests are 'returned students,' and in Christian communities they claim that the Indian's religious road differs from that of the white man and that peyote is the Indian road; that peyote is the Indian's way of knowing God and seeing Christ; that peyote is the Indian way of observing communion and learning God's will for him.

"At some of these services prayers are offered to God and Christ, testimonies and exhortations are given, and the Bible is read and occupies a prominent place on the altar.

"Frequent attempts have been made to secure the passage of laws by Congress which would prohibit the importation and sale of this dangerous drug. Every time this attempt has been made, the Indians with their hired white attorneys have hurried to Washington to protest; and up to date their protests have been influential and all unfavorable legislation has been defeated.

"It is high time that our people became aroused and passed laws to prevent the spread of this habit. Such laws are needed not alone to preserve the physical, mental, and moral integrity of the Indians, but that of our own people also. An insidious and dangerous drug like this knows no racial barrier. In these days when whisky is becoming harder to get, more expensive, and more dangerous, young white men of the 'baser sort' are beginning to take this 'dry whisky,' and if something cannot be done soon, we shall have a gigantic problem on our hands to keep our young men from being debauched."

Rev. Henry Vruwink cites the testimony of many Indians who have used this drug, and they all agree that the bad effects are moral as well as physical. Chatasy, a Comanche, testified, "When I was a peyote eater, I was a big liar; nobody would trust me. I was not a safe person to go with women folks."

Nawats, a strong Comanche chief, who knows from his own experience the nature of the drug, tells of its inroads upon his tribe:

"I cannot tell you how many of our people have had their minds affected through the use of peyote, but many have. Many of our young people are ignorantly using peyote; they will find out that it will ruin their minds and destroy their bodies. Most of our leading men died from eating peyote."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that

peyote, or mescal, has become the greatest danger to the Indians of the plains. Unless they are protected, it will blight them physically and morally and will have like effect upon white men.

As for education, the government and churches together have rendered a great service to the Indians, but much remains to be done. The government has more than 300 Indian schools, the Roman Catholics 47 mission schools, and the Protestants 25 mission schools; but the total mission school enrollment is not more than 5,000, and the public and private school enrollment is only about 30,000. Many Indian children are not in school at all. At least 7,000 among the Navajos have no opportunities for schooling. More schools are needed, therefore. More important than the school building, however, is the school curriculum and more important than the curriculum is the teacher.

All teaching, industrial and religious, must take account of the fact that the Indians are a primitive people whose thinking is concrete and not abstract. They are individualistic with practically no conception of organized life. Since their greatest economic need is to adapt themselves to modern methods of agriculture and other industries of civilized life, their education should be shaped to this end, and their teachers must be of the variety that is able to teach them how to make two blades of grass grow where only one

grew before. Vocational training is essential for the teacher of Indians, but more essential is high Christian character and a desire to give friendship along with instruction.

And that brings us to the greatest need of the Indian now—an understanding cooperation on the part of the white men. It is essentially a spiritual need. Bishop Hugh L. Burleson, who has given his life, as did his father before him, to the Indians of South Dakota, pleads for a recognition of the finer attributes of the Indian—his religious nature, his keen perception of spiritual values, his ambition to do and to accomplish, and his ability to stand fast. Bishop Burleson cites this illustration of Anglo-Saxon misunderstanding:

"An instance of our interpretation of his names will point a moral. A Chippewa chief lies buried on a reservation in Minnesota, and the stone over his grave bears the name 'Hole-in-the-Day.' Silly, absolutely silly! Again the misunderstanding white man. 'Hole-in-the-Day' was the son of a young Chippewa chief who started on the warpath against my people, the Dakotas. He had been married but a few months to his bride, and he wished to make a splendid record as a leader. It was the first time he had led the war party, and he led with courage and strategy, but adventured himself so bravely that the whole party came back victorious, but brought their dead chief with them. Shortly afterward the son was born, and his mourning mother called him, 'Rift-in-the-Cloud.'

It is a picture-name. A long dark day of cloud and rain and shadow and sobbing trees; then, just as the sun sets, its rays break through a rift in the cloud and shine out across the plain. The little lad was a rift in the cloud of her sorrow, and we called him 'Hole-in-the-Day.' And when he was dead, we put a two-ton monument on him and wrote 'Hole-in-the-Day' on that."

It is self-evident that progress in civilization must be based on mutual understanding, and that we will not succeed in saving the Indian or redeeming our own past until we have eyes to see and heart to appreciate those things in the Indian soul that are true and beautiful and good.

Alaska. Everyone who has read Robert W. Service's "The Cremation of Sam McGee" or "The Spell of the Yukon" knows already the spirit of Alaska. It is a spirit of adventure, of great risks, and of dramatic struggle against elemental forces.

The United States probably never made a better financial investment than when it purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867 for $7,200,000. The man whose faith and persistence were responsible for this venture was William H. Seward, Secretary of State. He suffered the usual fate of the man of vision who is misunderstood by his fellows. The next paragraph of the record begins with the words "But they said." In this instance, THEY were the great host of political opponents and

reactionaries who dubbed Alaska "Seward's Folly," "Uncle Sam's Ice Box," "America's Iceberg Farm," and so on. But on his death-bed Seward declared that the act of his administration that would live the longest would be the purchase of Alaska. That prophecy has come true. Already the territory has yielded more than a billion dollars' worth of natural resources and has paid for itself more than a dozen times over.

But it is not the history of Alaska, or its natural resources, in which we are especially interested here. Rather it is the human beings living there. There are some 54,000, approximately half of them white and half of them native. The natives are divided between Eskimos and Indians. The white man's record in Alaska, and especially the record of the white man who has gone to Alaska in search of fortune, is romantic in poetry, but in actual practise it has been little less than shameful. The adventurers who sought their fortune in Alaska left behind them a trail of vice, drunkenness, and disease that is a black spot upon America's history. That trail would be bad enough if it were a thing of the past, but it is a living thing. It is living in the blood of the natives and shows itself in feeble-minded children, in blindness and loathsome sores. America must blot out that trail. We should be ashamed of our flag if we allowed a trail like that to live under its folds.

We turn from that trail to the brighter record that Christian men and women have made in Alaska in bringing to the natives schools, hospitals, and churches. Forty years ago most of the natives were pagans, with no medical care except what they had from their primitive medicine-men. But during these last forty years, consecrated teachers and doctors and ministers, as filled with the spirit of adventure as the gold seekers, and with as much courage or more, have been establishing schools and hospitals and churches all the way from Metlakahtla to Point Barrow, the most northerly mission station in the world. These institutions have, for the most part, been established by churches, but the churches have turned over some of their schools and hospitals to the federal government as soon as the government was prepared to care for them. Many of these institutions, however, are still in charge of missionaries and probably will be for years to come. Slowly but surely these consecrated men and women are putting to rout the devils of ignorance and superstition. The old custom of selling young girls in marriage is giving way before the Christian conception of womanhood. The old law of "an eye for an eye" is being supplanted by justice seasoned with mercy.

Here is a story of one native who exemplifies in his own life what is taking place in the life of

the Alaskan natives. It is the story of Joe Sokonik. Joe lives in the village of Kivalina, which is on the coast between Cape Prince of Wales and Point Hope. It is like most Alaskan villages, with its sod houses, its Eskimo dogs, and its cheerful little people with their smiles and hearty welcome. At the door of the government schoolhouse sits Joe Sokonik on a wooden sled. Day in and day out he is always to be found on that sled. He is unable to move his body, and has the use of his hands and head only.

When a boy, Joe injured his spine in a dreadful accident on the ice. There was no available medical attention. When the government teacher, Mr. Maguire, found him, he was lying in a tent, abandoned by all but a faithful sister. His shoulder was perforated with terrible ulcers, and he was emaciated, weak, and filthy. Even good white people who saw him felt that his case was hopeless. But Mr. Maguire is one of those who believes that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." He took Joe into his own home, nursed him back to health, cared for his dreadful sores, taught him to read, told him of a Saviour's love, and finally had the supreme joy of introducing him to the Bureau of Education as a fit man to undertake the education of the children of his own people.

Today, Joe is not only teacher of the school, but is truly the friend of the whole community of natives. To him they bring their problems and questions. He is "chief" of Kivalina, not because of tribal descent, but through sheer worth of character and his attainments. His rude sled has been transformed. True, it is his seat by day and his bed at night, for he never leaves it, but it is in fact a royal throne and is occupied by a king who reigns well, having qualified in the school of suffering, of indomitable will, and high purpose,—a member of the Royal Family.

Alaska's great need now is for men and women of the spirit of Mr. Maguire to bring to these brave and cheerful people the best that America has in education, health, and friendship.

In Porto Rico and Cuba. The outstanding need in Porto Rico and Cuba is a free church. Cuba needs also a free school. Porto Rico is under the American flag, Cuba is a sister republic, but both are under the domination of the Catholic church and centuries of ignorance and misrule. Father Vaughn is said to have rejoiced in the ignorance of the peasants of Spain, who, by their illiteracy and poverty, were rendered immune to the dangers of modernism. The priesthood that has ruled Cuba and Porto Rico has had similar grounds for rejoicing, for the great masses of the people are illiterate, and their poverty beggars description.

Their ignorance and poverty, together with the fear by which they have been ruled, have kept them in continual moral and spiritual slavery and in an economic state that is only one degree removed from bondage.

The greatest service that America can render to the three million Latin Americans is to give them a true understanding of the real nature of Christianity, to free their life from fear, to teach them the gospel of the indwelling God. Even before we do this, we must follow the example of Jesus and relieve their physical distress. To these ends the Protestant denominations are establishing hospitals, schools, and churches in both of these countries. Almost daily there come to the mission board secretaries' desks communications to this effect: "Have you found us that medical missionary for X— in Cuba? We must have him at once." "Here in Porto Rico three hundred students are meeting in an old barn and calling it a university. Do help us to get funds to build a real building. The students will contribute all the manual labor if we can just supply the materials." "The hospital in San Juan must have a new nurse at once. You don't realize how overworked the present nurses are."

Where shall we find the young men and women to answer these calls and to help Cubans and Porto Ricans in their physical battles against dis-

JOE SOKONEK, CRIPPLED IN BODY, BUT A COURAGEOUS CHRISTIAN AT HEART, IS TEACHER AND JUDGE IN HIS ALASKAN VILLAGE

ease, and their spiritual battles against ignorance, superstition, and fear?

Among the Mexicans. All that we have said about the physical, social, and spiritual needs of immigrants applies to the Mexicans, but our relations with Mexico are such a live issue just now that it is worth while to consider certain aspects of the Mexican problem separately from the immigration problem as a whole. There are nearly 1,750,000 Mexicans in this country. Their fundamental need, and ours too, is mutual understanding.

Our newspapers have reported so many crimes along the Mexican border that most of us have gained the impression that Mexico is peopled with bandits, and that the great majority of the Mexicans who have come to this country are of the bandit class. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are a priest-ridden people. In their own country they are kept in ignorance and dire poverty. To free them from their bondage of fear and of ignorance and of poverty is the unfinished task which confronts the younger generation about to take hold of this problem. That emancipation can never be brought about by bloodshed or by force of any kind. Understanding and friendship are the Christian methods, and they are methods which as yet are almost wholly untried.

The writer spent several weeks along the Mexican border last year. He went there with the average American's prejudice against Mexicans; but after meeting hundreds of Mexicans face to face, talking with them, observing their homes, their work, and their churches, he became convinced that the missionaries along the Mexican border are right in their conviction that 10 per cent of the Mexican trouble is Mexico's fault, and 10 per cent is America's fault, and the rest is due to mutual misunderstanding. The great majority of the Mexicans of this country are living honest, law-abiding lives. The writer has never seen more lively Christian Endeavor societies anywhere or a more reverent spirit in worship, or a more eager interest in Sunday-schools than these Mexicans displayed. To look into the faces of the Mexican children is to love them and want to help them. And to attend their Sunday-schools, which are filled with vigor and enthusiasm, is to have a firm faith in their possibilities as future Americans.

Although the Mexican problem will probably have to be solved by the people living along the border, it is a national problem, and if it is to be solved correctly, it will need the combined faith and good-will of Christians throughout the length and breadth of the land. The flow of Mexican immigration has gone as far north as Canada and

as far east as Pennsylvania. American industries in the West are coming more and more to depend upon Mexico for their manual labor supply. In much of the Southwest cotton is today picked not by the Negroes, but by the Mexicans; and Mexicans pick all the grapes, walnuts, citrus fruit, and cantaloupes. They work the weary miles of railroad on the section gangs and swing the pick and shovel in the copper mines of Arizona. In Idaho, Utah, western Washington, Iowa, Illinois, and Kansas, as well as in the border states of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California, Mexican colonies are multiplying.

At present about the only agencies that are trying to bring about a better understanding between the Americans and the Mexicans in these new colonies are the missions of the Protestant churches. But the field force and material equipment of these missions are wholly inadequate for the task. Most of them were established several years ago when the Mexican population was less than a third of what it is now. To enlarge this field force, to provide it with proper equipment, and then to back it up with our good-will and faith is the task before us.

The migrant laborers. About 1,500,000 men in this country are constantly on the move from one seasonal occupation to the next. One season a migrant laborer may be in Texas helping with the

harvest, the next season in Oklahoma or Kansas in the oil fields, and the next season in the lumber-camps of Oregon or Washington. Who are these men and what sort of life do they live? They are a motley crowd. Many of them are immigrants. Others are sons of unsuccessful farmers, or tenants who have failed to make good. Not a few of them come from the cities, and some are skilled mechanics or clerks who have degenerated through incompetency or vice. A normal family life is impossible to them. Of 40,000 seasonal workers studied in California, only 10 per cent were married. As a whole these men are unorganized, unskilled, uncared for. Their wages are usually high while the season lasts, and because of their unattached lives they are the target of bootleggers, immoral women, and all the low elements of human society. Their need for Christian fellowship and leadership is great, but as yet the Church is only experimenting in her efforts to find the best way to give it.

In the East, women and children, largely foreign, are sucked into this nomadic existence. Over 22,000 each year are required to harvest and can our fruits and vegetables. In the early spring we find whole families taking up their abode in labor camps, where often no thought has been given to proper sanitation or housing facilities. Nor is this for one season only; when this work is

finished in the late fall, hundreds migrate to the oyster canneries on Chesapeake Bay or the Gulf Coast and so are shut out for the whole cycle of the year from school, church, and community life.

These conditions were brought to the attention of the Council of Women for Home Missions and in the summer of 1920 work was organized in four centers. Day nurseries, kindergartens, day and Sunday-schools, supervised play, hot noon-lunches, practical lessons in sewing, weaving, cooking, and general housekeeping,—all were carried on by the workers under the Council. The canners cooperated, supplying the building in each center and light and water. The community organized a committee of women who stood back of the workers. They supplied some equipment, food for the hot lunches, and clothes for the babies and children. In many cases the ministers helped with the Sunday services. Following this first season's work many new requests came from cannery managers to have this work established in their places.

The experiment showed that such work could be done and done effectively. The privilege of leadership in this challenging field has been given to the churches. Are we going to let the shortness of our vision or the difficulty of the task hinder us in making this contribution to our needy fellowmen?

Our greatest race problem. An English editor observed at a time of great unrest in Ireland that America might better mind her own business and settle the Negro situation before trying to dictate to Great Britain about Ireland. Was he right? One has only to go back hastily over colonial history and the first sixty or seventy years of "these United States of America" to perceive how steadily disturbing to the public mind was this matter of the Negro. With each new state or territory acquired, the intensely significant question came to be, "Shall it be slave territory?" And families, friendships, denominations, and political parties were broken up by the ensuing divergences of opinion. The Emancipation Act that followed the Civil War was but the beginning of fresh trouble. We plunged the Negroes into new and difficult conditions of living, into unaccustomed civic responsibility for which we had in no way prepared them. We laughed at their clumsy efforts to use their liberty, at their sense of self-importance. We let the racial peculiarities, which had not greatly mattered when the relationship was one of master and slave, emerge into irritating importance, now that the relationship was one of citizenship, and we discriminated against them in the courts and in occupations.

Negro progress. In spite of these handicaps, they have come a long way as a race. Former

Ambassador Bryce is quoted as having said that, during the first thirty years of his freedom, the American Negro made greater progress than was ever made by the Anglo-Saxon race in an equal period. They have reduced their illiteracy from 90 per cent in 1865 to less than 30 per cent in 1920. Business enterprises owned and controlled by Negroes have increased in the same period from 21,000 to 45,000. Negro laborers are moving gradually from unskilled to semi-skilled and skilled occupations. Sixty years ago only 20,000 of them operated farms; today nearly a million operate farms. Sixty years ago none of them owned a farm; today more than a quarter of a million own their own farms. Sixty years ago only 12,000 owned homes; today half a million are home owners. Then only 100,000 Negro children were receiving public school training; now nearly two million are enrolled in public schools, and 30,000 Negroes are teachers. From their midst men of eminence have emerged, Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, Major Moton, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and others. Towards this progress the churches and the government have done somewhat; for example, we note Hampton Institute, ten well-equipped Negro hospitals, and a variety of industrial and other schools and institutions under various auspices. But too much ignorance, ill-health, and injustice still remain.

The Negro migrations to the North. What has been done is small compared with what remains to be done toward giving this race education, justice, and a fair chance at life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Of late years a new situation has arisen. Vast numbers of Negroes have been leaving the farms and cities of the South and swarming to the great industrial centers of the North. Here they are packed together in tenements, often located in the disreputable districts and away from the better influence of churches, decent homes, and normal conditions of health and living. They become the prey of the exploiter on one hand and the agitator on the other. They are counted "easy marks" for corrupt politicians and for bootleggers. Many of them lose their religion and with it the progress they have made since 1860.

The growing menace. Throughout nearly every new book and article on the Negro question these days throbs a genuine fear. It is the fear of impending catastrophe. That fear has grown with alarming rapidity since 1914. It is the fear of real warfare between whites and blacks. If we do not grant the Negro his rights, it is quite possible that within ten or a dozen years he may claim them by force.

A growing race-consciousness. Consider the following facts selected from those presented to the Federal Council of Churches in December,

MEXICAN AMBASSADORS IN OVERALLS, DOING OUR HARD LABOR TODAY, BACK IN MEXICO TOMORROW—FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

1920, by the Government Director of Negro Economics, Dr. George E. Haynes:

A growing race-consciousness on the part of the Negro is to be noted, a sense of worth, a feeling of racial solidarity. An International Negro Convention, for example, was held in New York last summer, with representatives from South America and Africa as well as from the West Indies and the States. They elected officials for all Negro countries and drafted a program of sixty-six articles. How has this developing sense of importance come about? Injustices shared have bound them together. Gains in intelligence and wealth have raised their estimates of themselves. But the greatest cause is unquestionably the World War. The 500,000 Negroes who, during the war, migrated from the South to northern industrial centers did so in part as a result of government propaganda. They also received high wages. Manifestly they were "somebody." 200,000 other Negroes went as soldiers to France, and an equal number to camps in this country. They received the same pay and wore the same uniform as white soldiers. They met with unexpected social recognition. In the service they became acquainted with each other also. They likewise became more intelligently informed concerning other countries where the Negro has been unfairly treated. The religious doctrines of the white man did not seem

to be in operation anywhere. Justice and mercy were not in practise. Were not the so-called Christian nations themselves fighting to settle their differences? Might not force be the way for the Negro to get justice?

Compelling reasons for solving the problem. We have not yet discharged the obligation toward the Negro that comes to us out of the past. Moreover, unless we can now persuade him that we are willing to let him develop his personality peacefully, he may resort to force in order to wrest the privilege from us. That would injure him in his spirit more than it could harm us. But it would set the bloody stamp of failure upon our attempts to work out any sort of Christian cooperation in our greatest race problem.

The failure would be all the more tragic because of the Negro's record for congeniality and his known religious nature. The more than five hundred Negro songs that have come up from slavery breathe all the range of emotion,—love, joy, hope, fear, triumph,—but not one of them breathes a note of malice, hatred, or revenge.

Still another reason for helping the Negro exists. All the governments that have colonies in Africa need light on the color question. They are studying America to learn what discoveries she has made that may be of benefit to them also. If we can demonstrate that we are working along

right lines here, they will probably make similar experiments in their Negro territories. We have extraordinary opportunity to be of influence and of service. Are we equal to the occasion? We shall not be if we drift or remain indifferent. We need to put into operation at once an earnest and intelligent program that embodies the ideal of Christian cooperation. It is really the duty of the nation to do this, and that means the younger generation, for the memories of the Civil War are still too fresh in the minds of the generation that is passing.

Let us stop here and add up some of these figures. 37,000,000 foreigners (16,000,000 foreign-born plus their 21,000,000 children), 11,000,000 Negroes, 1,750,000 Mexicans, 3,000,000 Southern Mountaineers, 1,500,000 migrant laborers, 334,000 Indians, 54,000 Alaskans; these total 54,638,000 human beings. Deduct the 4,638,000 as possible duplication in the Immigrant, Mexican, and Migrant Labor groups. There still remain about 50,000,000 men, women, and children,—nearly half the population of this country. This is what we call "the other half." They are the men and women and children who have not had your opportunities to develop the divine possibilities God has given to all his children. They have not had your opportunities for education and

justice and progress. To give them their chance, as we have had ours, is the unfinished task before us. Does it seem too great a burden?

Kate Douglas Wiggin once met a little girl on a city street carrying a little boy almost as big as herself. "Isn't he too heavy?" asked Mrs. Wiggin. "Heavy?" answered the little girl. "No, he isn't heavy—he's my brother."

CHAPTER SIX

The Life of Service

You want to choose the life of service, or you would not have read thus far. You want to do what you can to lead human progress—to make your life count for something in helping those less fortunate than yourself. You want to do your share in making America Christian for the friendly service of the world. The question is, how?

Some principles of leadership. The true leaders of human progress are those who are blazing trails toward something better. They are the missionaries of politics, the missionaries of education, the missionaries of science, the missionaries of religion. The true leaders of human progress are not the noise-makers. They are not the negative men who simply howl down the present state of society or the present government or the present science or the present system of morals or education or religion.

Let us be quite clear on this point before we go further. The real leaders of progress are not destroyers; they are *builders*. They do not separate themselves from their brothers; they live

among them, love them, lead them up. You will not lead the crowd in a better way by simply saying "no" or "don't." Nor will you help much by withdrawing into a shell of self-righteousness. You will not become a leader by styling yourself one or making a lot of noise.

You will be a leader as you are fearless where others fear; as you see clearly what others grope for; as you proclaim in confidence what others feel but cannot express. You will be a Christian leader only as you connect yourself with the indwelling God and try constructively to do his will.

Some trail blazers: a leader in medicine. That doesn't necessarily mean that men will write "Rev." before your name. We are not speaking here of professional service, but rather of leadership in lay service. Some of the most effective leaders in the Kingdom of God have been lay men and women as consecrated in their lives and work as any minister. Let us look at a few such leaders and see how they are leading. Some forty-five years ago Edward Livingston Trudeau was a young medical student in New York. His brother died of tuberculosis, and he himself became a victim of the disease. Practically nothing was known about the disease in those days; if one had it, he must be sure to keep the windows closed. Young Trudeau finished his medical studies, but shortly afterward his health

failed, and he was taken to Saranac Lake to die. But he would not die. For forty years he lived on at Saranac Lake. He studied tuberculosis as no other man had done. He found out how the disease comes and how it may be treated. Slowly and by infinite struggle he built around himself the Saranac Sanitarium which has brought new life to thousands upon thousands of men and women afflicted with tuberculosis. The last dozen years of his life he was so afflicted that he could sleep only an hour at a time, and yet he worked away in his little laboratory without thought of giving up. When fire swept the laboratory away, he built a new one and went on "fighting with an easy smile the death that so long besieged him to the end, that others after him, afflicted similarly, may not die." A modern writer went to interview this man a little while before his death and came away with this tribute upon his pen, "The best of our tricky and trivial achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labors and spirit of this man." Yes, surely, a leader of human progress.

In Flea Hops, Alabama. Down in Alabama there is a collection of shacks that goes by the name of Flea Hops. A slip of a girl started a school there a few years ago. When last heard of, she had a building made of brush and a roof made of the stars, and pupils from seven years to

seventy. She was teaching them the simplest principles of education, how to read and write and solve simple problems in arithmetic. And day by day she was leading them gently to a higher level of thought and feeling.

In the Southern Mountains. In the mountains of Tennessee, there is a little mission school among the mountaineers where a girl is working twelve months a year on a modest salary. She is a college girl, but she is content to do without the niceties and manners of college. She is giving her life to the thirty or forty children and their parents who live there, separated from the rest of the world by a wall of rock and by a more impenetrable wall of ignorance. In her dress and manners she adapts herself to the level of the people, that they may gradually rise to hers.

Among the Negroes. In Hampton, Virginia, there is a school where a corps of able teachers is year by year trying to instil into the colored race high ideals and practical ability. They are doing it. They are turning out colored men and women who know not only how to use their hands and their heads, but who save their money, farm well, and live sober, honest, useful lives.

On a desert. Out on the Wyoming desert, in a frontier mission, there is a preacher who is homely and awkward and ignorant, but he is so much in earnest that, to hear him preach, the

A FEW OF AMERICA'S 1,500,000 MIGRANT LABORERS

cattle men and settlers ride ten miles to his services. He is not only earnest but vitalizing, and they will tell you the community is a far better place to live in than it was before that parson came.

A leader among Bohemian farmers. And here is the story of a young minister who mixed his religion with pigs and cows and better farming and patriotism and the things of this world generally. Eight years ago Rev. H. E. Beseda, a young minister, American born of Bohemian parents, left a theological seminary and went to live in a little Bohemian colony, known as "Six Mile" because it was situated six miles from Port Lavaca, Texas. There were but fifty families in the colony; he had no church building and no organization, but there were a schoolhouse and a crude community hall that furnished shelter for his meetings. Precious little shelter was needed, however, for the Bohemians, embittered by their church experience in the old country, were exceedingly skeptical about any form of organized religion.

Three difficult and discouraging years followed, during which the minister was learning his community and its needs. He became convinced that the first need was for better farming, so that his people might build up a stronger and more prosperous community and have more profits to spend

on churches, schools, roads, and other institutions that develop the mental and spiritual life.

Since there was no one else to take the leadership toward better farming, he decided to take it himself, and out of his meager salary he paid his way through a summer short course in agriculture at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.

He purchased a thoroughbred Poland China sow and persuaded his Boy Scouts to purchase the little pigs at ten dollars each with guarantee that, if the pigs did not more than pay for themselves, he would refund the ten dollars. Today the Bohemians of Six Mile specialize in thoroughbred Poland China pigs.

He organized a night school of thirty men for the study of the English language and American history, and for debating social and civic questions. Out of this night school evolved a men's club of sixty-six members. He persuaded the men's club to purchase a thoroughbred bull in order that the grade of the stock of the community might be improved; today the Bohemian farmers of Six Mile specialize in thoroughbred cattle as well as pigs.

Every year, since his own first summer course, he has been returning to the Agricultural College and taking with him five or six farmers in order that they may have the inspiration and the train-

ing necessary for continually building up their community.

When a county agent was secured, he found Six Mile a community ready for his gospel and eager to give its cooperation. A poultry club and a corn club were started, and later a cotton grader was employed at a salary of $1,500 to spend six months each year grading up the cotton crop of the neighborhood by the most advanced methods of seed selection, cultivation, care, and marketing.

Now, after eight years, Six Mile is a successful and prosperous community. The young minister has advanced the spiritual side of his work hand in hand with the social side, he has ninety-one Bohemian members in his church, and he is planning the organization of similar work to reach and serve the 200,000 Bohemian farmers in Texas, to help them become Christian citizens of America.

In a country church. Robert Adams, a young graduate of an Eastern university, athlete, and all-around man, surprised his fellow-students when he told them he was going to enter the ministry. He gave them another surprise a few years later when, instead of taking a city pastorate to which he was called, he went to a country village in Maine, one of those little country places where folks were always quarreling. For five hard years Adams worked and pleaded for a broader religion and for a religion applied to the

practical problems of daily life,—the school, the farms, the roads, the playgrounds. But as far as he could see, he made no headway. Then suddenly he died,—his life apparently a failure. His classmates heard of his death, heard that the people among whom he had lived and worked had not appreciated Adams' work enough to put up a monument over his grave; so they took up a collection among themselves and sent one of their men up to that Maine village to erect a monument. When the man arrived, he sought out a leading elder of the church and told him of his errand.

"So you've come to buy Adams a monument, have you?" asked the elder.

"Yes," replied Adams' classmate.

"How much of a monument do you expect to build?"

"Oh, not very large, but larger than you have built for him, I guess."

"Are you sure of that? Come with me."

And so the elder took him out to a new building on the church property. Over the door of the new building were the words, "Robert Adams Memorial House." It was a community club.

"You see," said the elder, "after he died we got thinking about what he had said and how he had wanted us to put our religion into practise, to live like brothers and it seemed that we could

best honor his memory by a house like this instead of a marble tombstone."

When the inspection of the house was over, the village elder said, "Now what do you think of our monument?"

The classmate decided that this monument was better than marble, and the funds he had brought he left as a donation to the community club.

Partners with God. These are but a few examples of the men and women who are the real leaders of progress in America. The vast majority of them are unknown, but each, faithful in his small corner, is doing the will of the Father. They are partners with God, working as He works, in the individual and often immediately unsuccessful way; but when the centuries have had their say, if the past be our guide, the march of human progress will be found following the trail these missionaries have blazed.

"But," you say, "I am only one person—surely God does not expect much from just one person." Surely, He does. Do you not know the power for good of one person?

With half a lung. A few years ago a preacher with only half a lung went from New York City to a small farming community. His name was John S. Burton. He was assigned to three tiny churches on a circuit. His salary was microscopic.

It was not sufficient to support his wife and three children in even the simplest sort of country-minister style. It had to be helped out by gifts of potatoes and beans, turnips and corn, and whatever else the neighbors saw fit to bring in. He went into the community with the expectation of dying there, and that before long. But as he got acquainted with his parishes, he found work that needed to be done before he died. Here were farmers thirty miles from New York City, each living to himself and each competing with his neighbor farmers in marketing his products. The young men were leaving the farms as fast as they could go. Life in the country was too slow, too dull, and too unpromising. The only place to have any fun at all seemed to be the small city four miles away.

Now the preacher thought that these things ought not to be. Farmers were as good as other people, and life in the country, he thought, could be made just as attractive as life in the city. Yes, even more so. The one problem was to get the farmers to work together. And that is about the hardest problem under the sun. Farmers don't want to work together. All their life in the open on their farms teaches them only how to work independently. The farmer's boast is his independence. He's proud of what he does by himself, not what he does together with his neighbors.

The preacher set about to bring these farmers together—to make them learn to work and play together.

He needed a horse and buggy. He had only $50 in cash, and he knew he couldn't get much of a horse for $50. But he announced that he wanted to buy a horse and was willing to pay $50. Immediately all the horse traders of the country began to come to him. They brought the lame, the halt, and the blind—a most miscellaneous collection of horse-flesh. Now the preacher knew nothing about horses and could not tell a good one from a bad one. But somehow he had the courage to reject all these. Then one day the preacher wandered into a large farm. He called to ask the owner of the farm to come to church. The owner was not a church-going man and he said afterwards that he had a strong inclination to turn the hose upon the preacher. But he made a great show of being courteous. "It's a hard job you have here," he said by way of starting the conversation. "Yes," said the preacher, "but it isn't a hopeless job. If I can get one or two young men turned around and started on a life of decency and good citizenship, I'll call my work a success." That appealed to the farmer, for he had a son of his own. When the preacher left the house that afternoon, the farmer called up a few of his neighbors and got them to subscribe enough to

buy a good horse and a buggy for the parson.

And then the parson went to work in earnest. He forgot all about dying. A year after he had come there, a community club was flourishing among the farmers. It had 300 members. They gave a country fair. There were exhibitions of farming and garden products, there were a plowing contest and a flower show, there were exhibitions of cooking and of industrial work, and there were athletic contests winding up with a ball game. The fair was held at one of the farms, and the whole neighborhood was there. The stores in the small city four miles away closed their doors on Saturday from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon in order that their employees might go out into the country to attend it. After the fair, one of the farmers in the community, a Roman Catholic, offered to give one of the houses on his farm rent-free as a club house for the community club. The club has a dozen or more committees, an Educational Committee, a Better Farming Committee, a Lecture Course Committee, etc. Some of the neighborhood's business men who live in the city in the winter have become so interested in it that one night a week they come out from the city especially to attend the meetings of this club. This preacher is on no committee,—he is not chairman or secretary or treasurer. He is just a sort of two-legged prayer-

meeting going about the community filling everybody full of the right spirit.

A poor widow's power. In New England, a few years ago, a widow with four children moved from the city out to an old ramshackle building on a little farm. The family had seen better days, but when the husband had died he left but little, and that little the widow had invested in this farm. She and her children arrived at the house at twilight. The weeds were growing tall around the place. In the yard there was a litter of broken cart wheels, old barrels, boxes, and rubbish of all sorts. Inside the house, dirt lay on the floors and cobwebs hung from the ceilings. Nobody met them. Nobody greeted them. They had neither light nor food nor fuel that first night. The widow and her children set to work and after a few days had put the place to rights inside and out. But it was hard work and work that she and her children were not used to. Not a neighbor came near to lend a hand. When the widow had finished her house-cleaning she made a resolution that no one else should ever come into that community, while she lived there, without a welcome. And every family of newcomers since that time has found that the widow and her children have been to the house before them. Strangers have found their yards cleaned, a lamp upon the table, and a couple of pies or a loaf of bread. Now it

didn't cost much, and it was all the widow could contribute to that community, but how it must have cheered the hearts of strangers. The Kingdom of God came nearer because of that widow and her children. Who has less power for good than they?

A mother defies a mob. In a certain coal camp in Wyoming, there were 5,000 people and no church, no Y. M. C. A., no religious institution of any kind. But there were a hundred-odd saloons. Persons going to that camp made the trip on a freight train, because no passenger trains went there. In that camp was a Mrs. Smith who was trying to run a Sunday-school. She was a spare, hard-working little woman, nearly always busy with a broom trying to get the alkali dust out of her shanty. She had two little sons and one daughter. She wanted them to grow up decent and clean, but she saw little chance for them in that rum-soaked camp. She wanted them to have religious instruction, and she tried to teach them as best she knew. But she soon found that it wouldn't do much good to try to teach her children alone in her little home. She must teach their playmates too. So she started a Sunday-school in the little shanty. She soon worked up a membership of forty. Then one day she held a Sunday-school picnic. She invited the parents of the children, and they came in droves. They

brought with them two hundred bottles of beer and whisky, prepared for an all day's revel. She captured the liquor and broke the first bottle on the rocks and threatened to break the next on the head of the first man who tried to touch the stuff that day. Who can measure that woman's power for good in that coal camp? And who can measure *your* power for good in your community--you who have more training and more advantages than she?

The power of one person. Yes, you have the power. God is always talking to you as though you were possessed of infinite capacity for doing good.

"But even if I do have the power, I have no materials to work with; the folks around me are indifferent." Think again. It is quite possible that God has blessed the materials as well as you. He seems to have done it that way in the past.

John Bunyan, "miserable tinker," vile-mouthed and devil-may-care boy, looked like pretty poor material, but someone put faith in him, was kind to him, and the memory of that kindness and the power of that faith worked like leaven in his heart until he became the John Bunyan who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* and led thousands of men and women to make the great pilgrimage.

The immigrant boy, your neighbor, whom you

now regard as a problem, whose habits may be unclean and repulsive, seems poor material, but who knows what usefulness he may develop if you but give him a helping hand?

The military officers who participated in the Crimean War probably regarded a slip of a girl as pretty poor material for war work. But one day when the war was over, a number of officers met and in the course of their discussion the question arose, "Whose name will be remembered longest after this war?" Each agreed to write upon a slip of paper the name of the person whose memory would be most enduring, and every one of them wrote the same name—Florence Nightingale.

A girl's possibilities. The war against disease is a continuous one, and somehow the world has come to look upon a woman's part in that war as more vital than a man's part. Her power to bring comfort, to soften a pillow or cool a fever, to prepare a palatable dish or to say the word of cheer, is God-given.

Service to the sick begins in simple friendliness and continues to the highest point of professional and expert care, claiming the best gifts of highly trained men and women. Within a quarter of a mile of you now there must be those whose suffering would be more endurable if you would bring to them a touch of friendship.

A girl's part in the emancipation of slaves. Do you remember how it was that the slaves were freed in England without bloodshed? Priscilla Gourney had a great deal to do with it. She lived in a Christian home. Her sister married a rather unpromising young man who went into politics. Priscilla brought to bear upon him gently and persuasively her ideal of freedom for the slaves. She besought him to take up the cause and to fight for it. He was persuaded. He took up the fight and won out. The slaves were free, and the whole world gave credit to Fowell Buxton, but Heaven probably gave goodly credit to Priscilla Gourney, his sister-in-law.

Martha Berry and her neighbors. About eighteen years ago Martha Berry, a girl of refinement and rare courage, became interested in the less-favored boys and girls of the mountains near her home in northwestern Georgia. She told them Bible stories on Sunday afternoons in an old log cabin. The children brought others to hear the "Sunday Lady." The more she saw of the needs of these children and their hunger for knowledge, the more her heart went out to them. Her Sunday-school became a day school. Her day school developed into a great industrial training institution. It grew out of one building into twenty buildings. Her first handful of pupils became a hundred, then two hundred. Today the

boys and girls who have been trained in the Berry Schools would make a small army. In the lives of those young people Martha Berry has invested her all. William G. McAdoo visited this school, and when he came away he said, "I would rather have been the founder of this school than to have built the Hudson River Tunnels."

A long look. Let us look back over the thought trails of this book. America stands at the cross-roads of self-interest and service. America is *you* and the thousands of other young men and women now in our schools and colleges, for you are the leaders of tomorrow. As you lead, America will follow, and you want to play square with America and with tomorrow.

We have considered the paths of self-interest and of service, their starting points and their goals, and we have found the path of service more worth while. We have seen, too, some of the obstacles: the way of the crowd, the struggle of traditionalism against progress, the misunderstandings and sacrifices. We have faced some of the great needs that call for service, the needs at our own doors and those national needs that seem to line up all the way from New York to the Mexican border, and from Alaska to Porto Rico. We have had some few glimpses of the great Captain, and of those who in the years since have heard his call and followed him along the path of service.

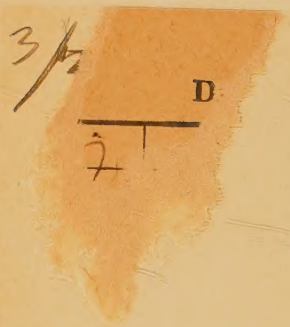
We have seen the power of one person—the miracle of what God can do with one imperfect human being consecrated to his service.

The challenge is before us—at our hand—now. Wherever there is a human spirit struggling for freedom, for health, for knowledge, for the development of its divine possibilities, there is the need for our help, there is our first field for service. It is in our own town and very likely in our own neighborhood. Our first contribution is our friendship, honest and sincere. Our first leadership is the contagion of our spirits, hopeful and active. But our service cannot end with our own communities. The more we work in our own neighborhood, the more we gain in understanding and the more we lift our eyes to the world outside. Many of the local obstacles to be removed are national and international in their reach, and our efforts must unite with the efforts of those in other communities. The more we work at our own local tasks, the more sympathy we have for others who are fighting the same fight and the more we want to help them. And so before we know it, we find that we are marching shoulder to shoulder with others who have chosen the same way—with the missionaries among the immigrants, the Indians, the Alaskans, the Mexicans, the Latin Americans, the Southern Mountaineers, and all the rest. We are all one, marching shoulder to

shoulder along God's way. It is the happiest way of human life.

Comrades in service. Ralph Waldo Emerson knew the path of service for he chose it in his youth and clung to it in spite of much misunderstanding and persecution. He knew the pitfalls, the tempting by-paths of least resistance; he knew the sharp rocks, the bitterness of the opposition, and the loneliness of the struggle; but he knew also its deeper joys, the peace of mind and heart and the rare comradeship of the way. Looking back over the road after many years of march, he sent these words of encouragement to those of us who are still near the beginning:

Be of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly
Serve that low whisper thou hast served; for know,
God hath a select family of sons
Now scattered wide thro' earth, and each alone,
Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one
By constant service to that inward law,
Is weaving the sublime proportions
Of a true monarch's soul. Beauty and strength,
The riches of a spotless memory,
The eloquence of truth, the wisdom got
By searching of a clear and loving eye
That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts,
And Time, who keeps God's word, brings on the day
To seal the marriage of these minds with thine,
Thine everlasting lovers. Ye shall be
The salt of all the elements, world of the world.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